Moody CENTENARY Song Book

Compiled by

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

for the D. L. MOODY CENTENARY and
MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE JUBILEE

During the Years

1936 • 1937

MANY OF MR. MOODY'S FAVORITE SONGS ARE INCLUDED IN THIS SELECTION FROM THE MOODY AND SANKEY SONG BOOKS, ROYALTIES FROM THE SALE OF WHICH, IN GREAT BRITAIN, WERE DONATED FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH BUILDING, CHICAGO, NOW THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE AUDITORIUM.

10¢ a copy; $7.50 per 100 (not prepaid)

"The World Has Yet to See What God Can Do with a Man Fully Yielded to Him"

—Henry Varley

"By the grace of God, I'll be that man!" exclaimed D. L. Moody with characteristic earnestness.

The Moody Bible Institute, therefore, was born in the heart of its founder after he was entirely yielded to God.

The sustained blessing of God upon the Institute is attested by its group of thirty-eight buildings, its 112,222 former students in its Day, Evening, and Correspondence Schools, the Radio School of the Bible, and its world-wide missionary work.

Mr. Moody once wrote: "I am thankful to tell you that I have some splendid men and women in the field. My school work will not tell much until the century closes, but when I am gone I shall leave some grand men and women behind."

Dr. R. A. Torrey, of Minneapolis, was the founder's choice as the first Superintendent of the Institute. He is the only man to have held that title. Born in New Jersey, he had an interesting Scottish background, and was graduated from both Yale University and Seminary. It was he who organized the curriculum of the Institute.

In 1901, Torrey and Alexander went out from the Institute to the Orient to open their world-wide evangelistic tour, one that made them famous. Their campaign hymn, "The Glory Song," was sung by multitudes.

Dr. James M. Gray, of Boston, author of "Synthetic Bible Studies," who had been a summer lecturer at the Institute since 1892, was called to be the first Dean. His leadership is well known to the present generation. Altogether he gave forty-two years of service to the Moody Bible Institute as Dean, Executive Secretary, and President (since 1923), and through these years was one of the best loved Bible expositors in America. When he went to be with Christ on September 21, 1935, in his 85th year, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated" (Deut. 34:7).

Dr. Will H. Houghton, pastor of a large church in New York City, and before that in Atlanta, Ga., was chosen President of the Institute by Dr. Gray and the Board of Trustees, of which Mr. Henry P. Crowell is President, in the summer of 1934, and was inducted into office at the beginning of the following November, in an impressive service in the Institute Auditorium.

The Institute will enter its fifty-first year with the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of its honored founder. Plans for the D. L. MOODY CENTENARY and MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE JUBILEE were anounced by President Houghton at his inauguration. Mr. A. F. Gaylord, Business Manager of the Institute for forty-four years, was named Director of the Centenary and Jubilee, one of the features of which is this song book, which brings to you many of the more popular Moody and Sankey hymns.

Additional copies may be secured by addressing the Director:

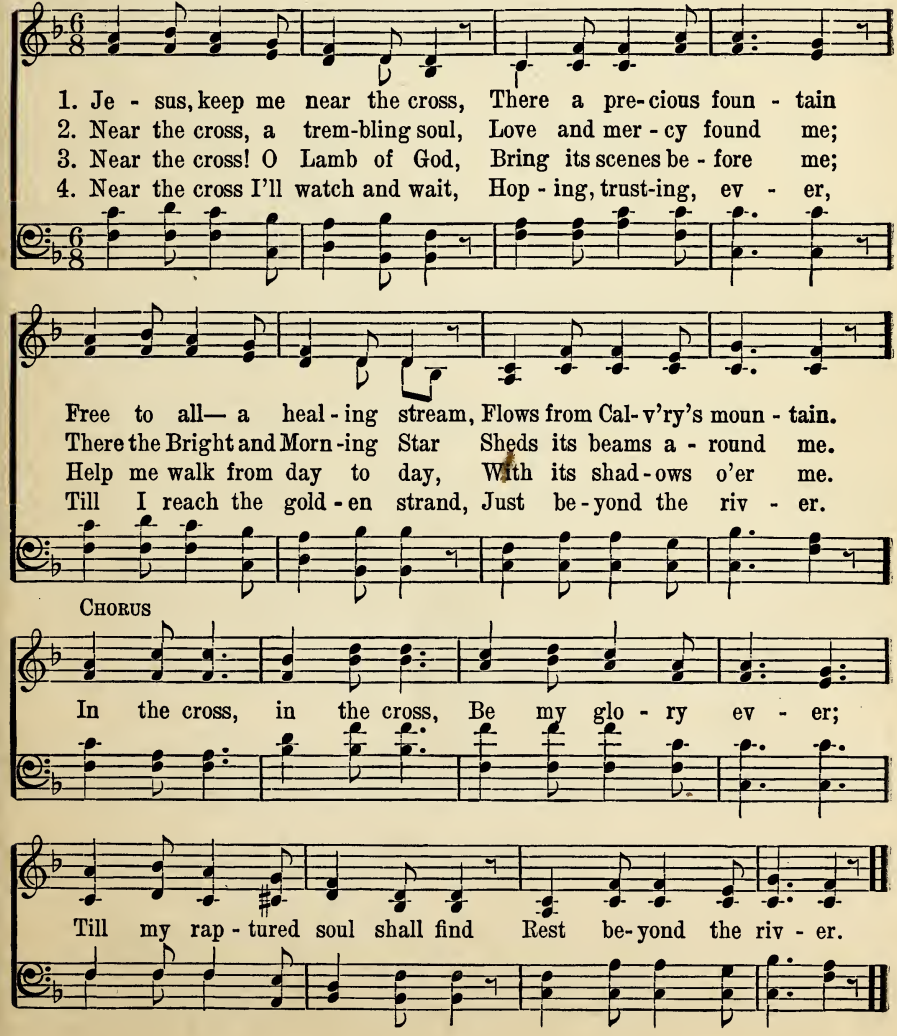
The D. L. Moody Centenary and Moody Bible Institute Jubilee

153 Institute Place Chicago Ave. Station Chicago, Illinois

MOODY CENTENARY SONG BOOK

1 Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing, ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.
CHORUS
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

I Love to Tell the Story

CATHERINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in

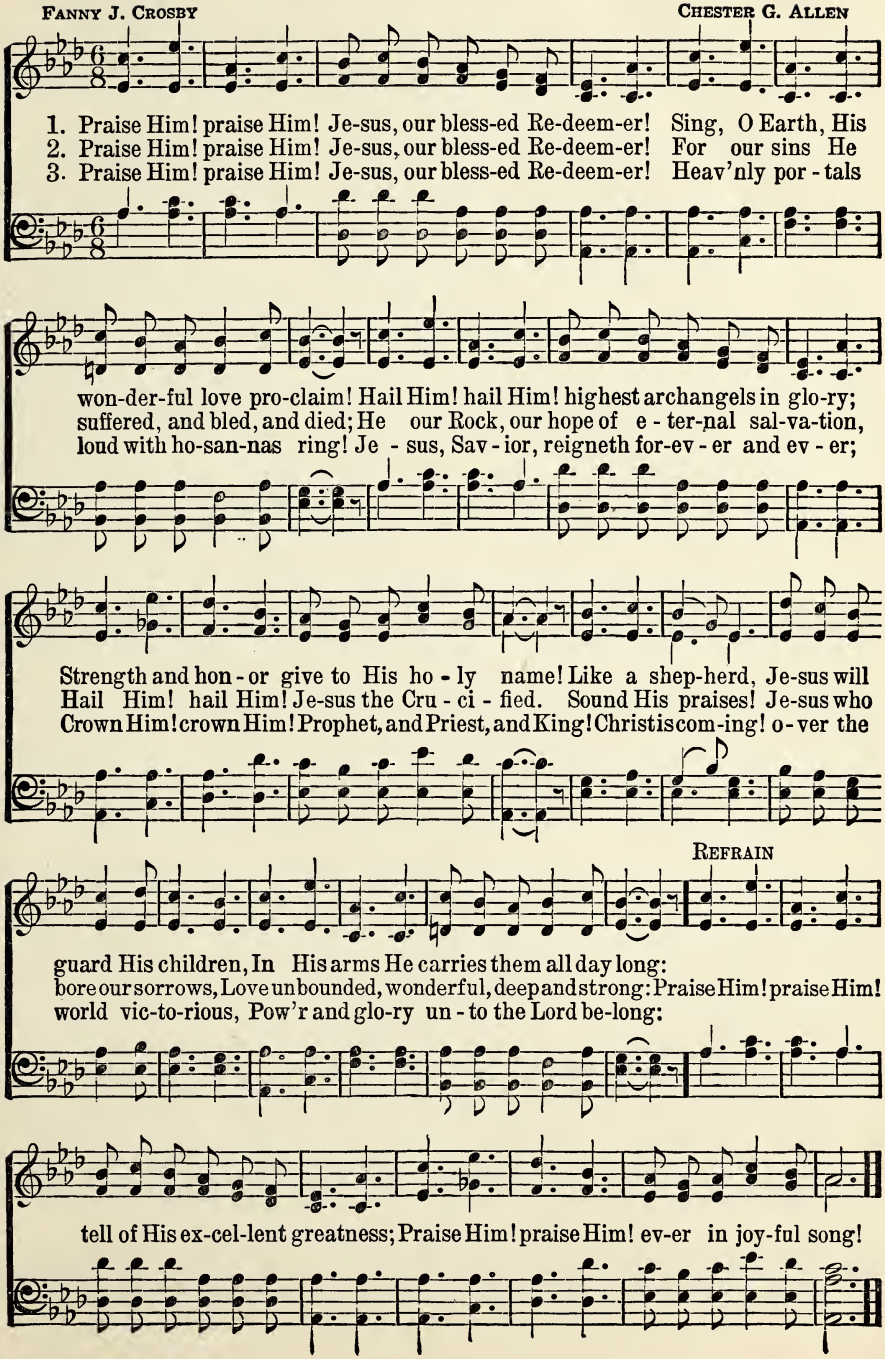
tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal-
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS

longings As noth-ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word
sto - ry That I have loved so long.

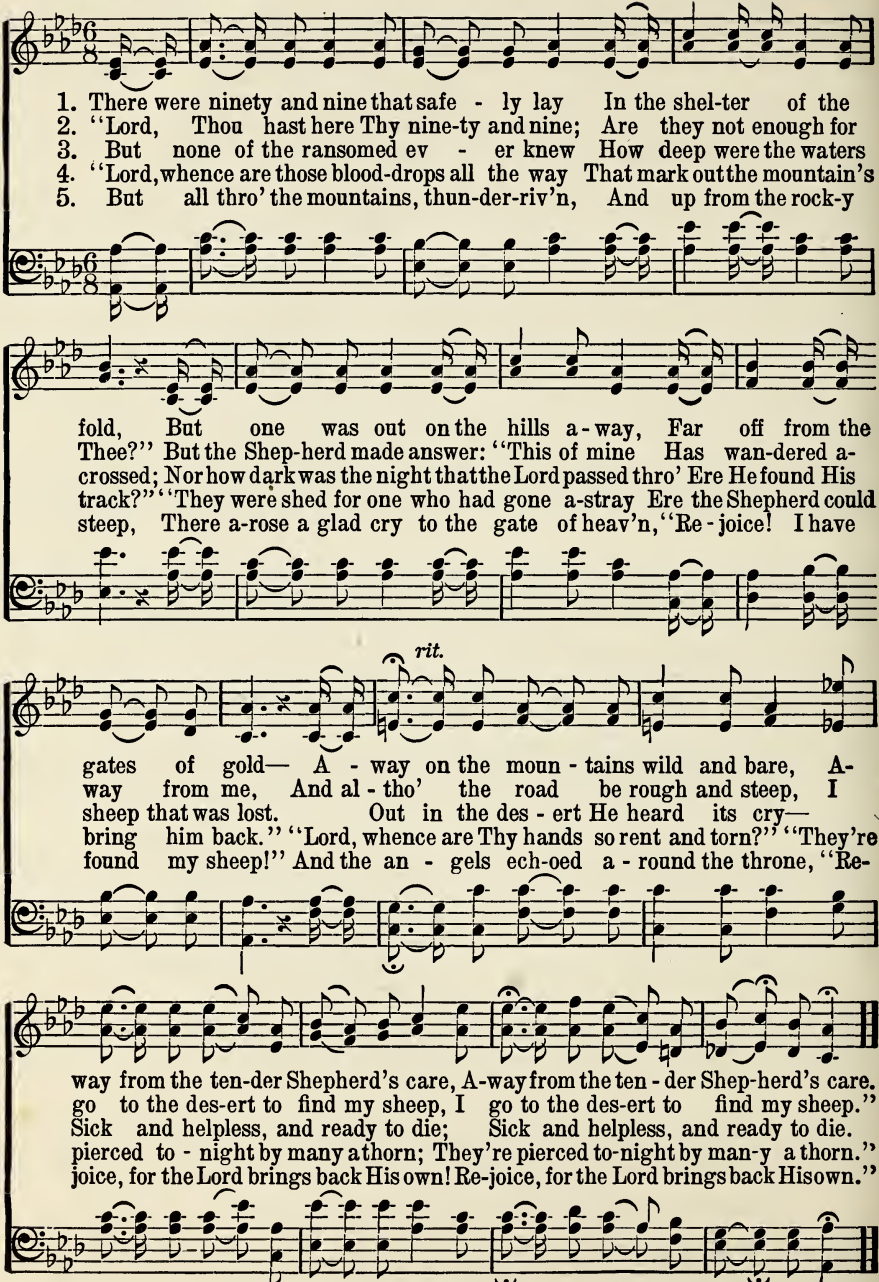
be my theme in glo-ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

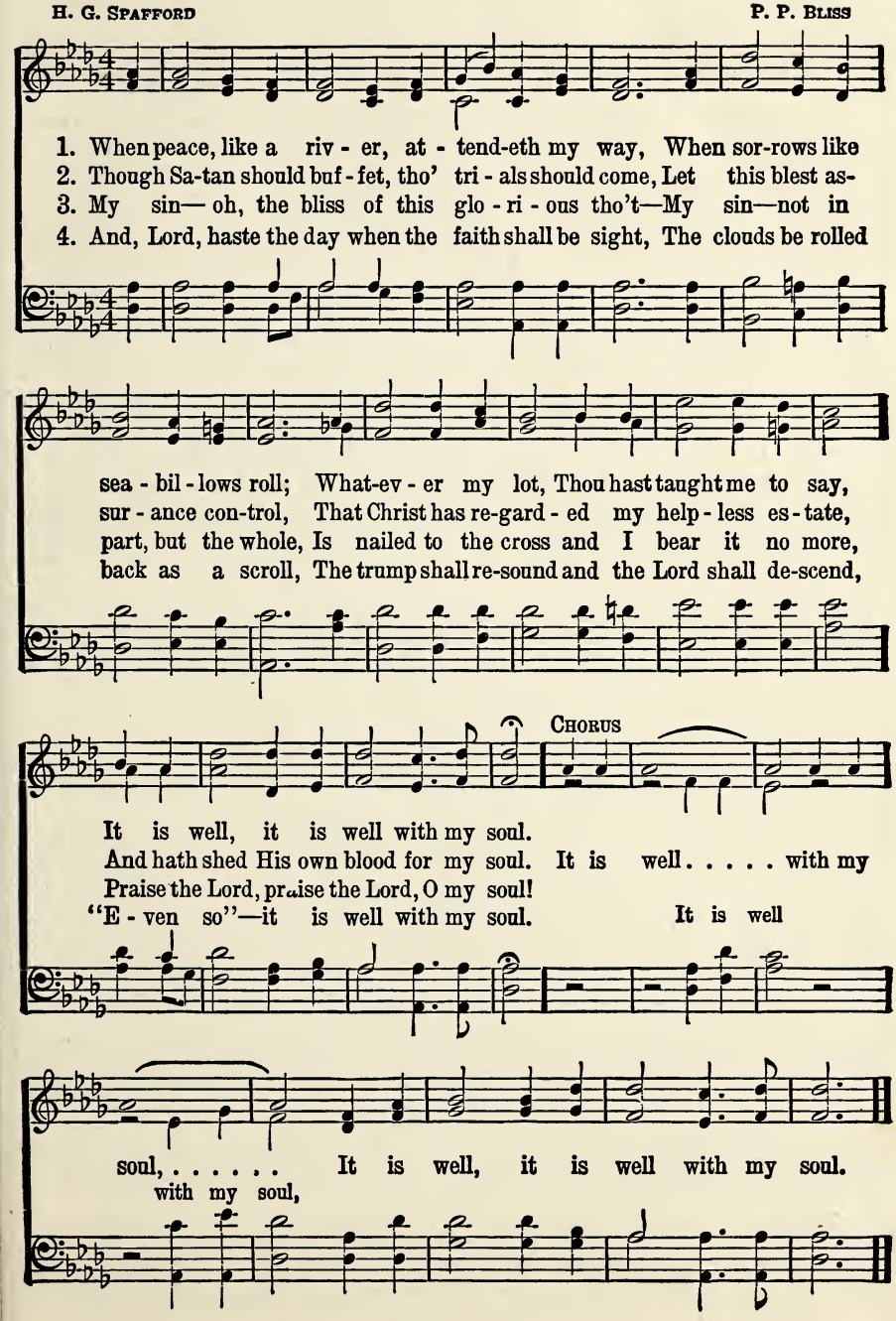
FANNY J. CROSBY CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His praises! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the
REFRAIN
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

The Ninety and Nine

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE — IRA D. SANKEY

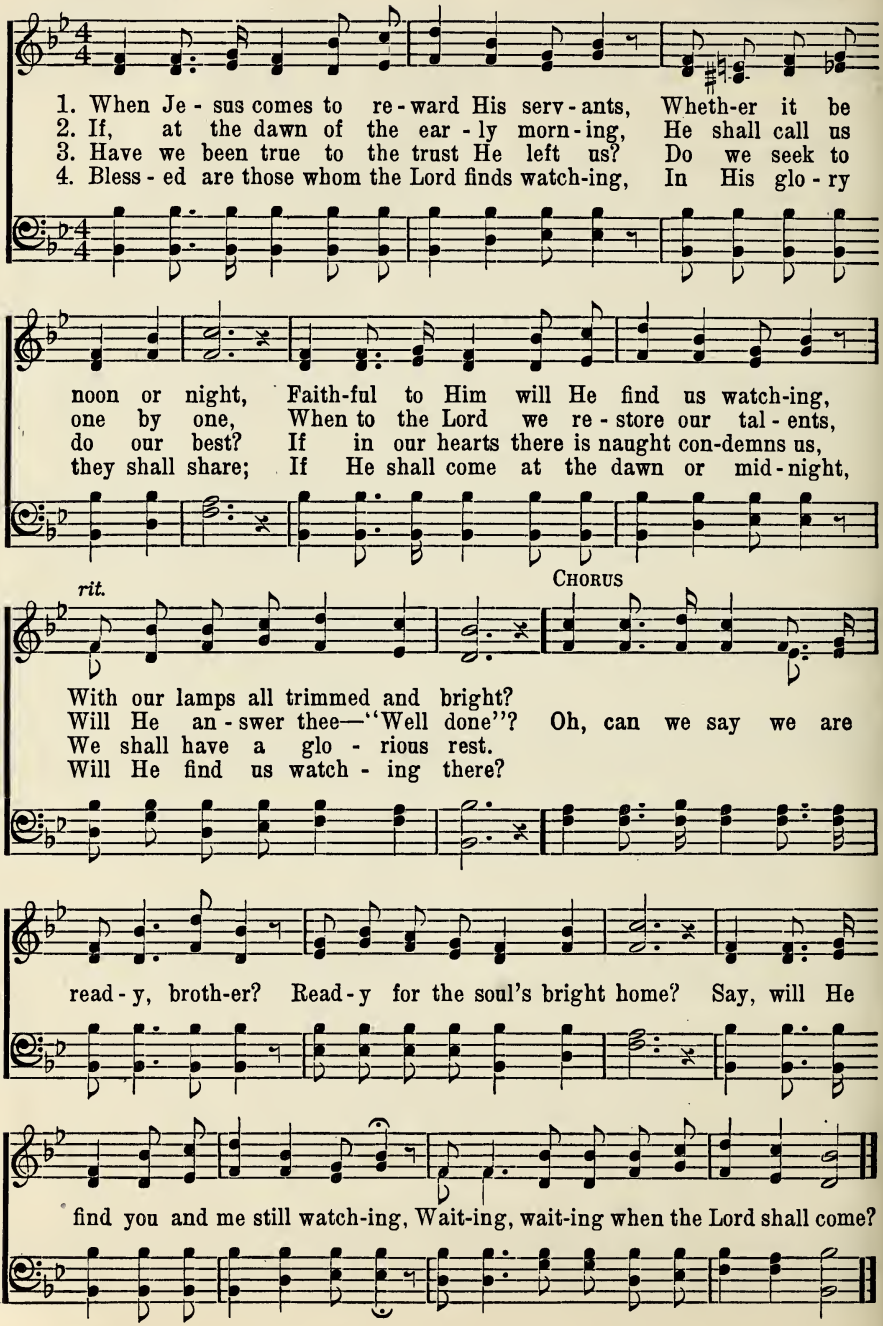

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel-ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not enough for
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's
5. But all thro' the mountains, thun-der-riv'n, And up from the rock-y
fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the
Thee?" But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of mine Has wan-dered a-
crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His
track?" "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could
steep, There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have
rit.
gates of gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A-
way from me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I
sheep that was lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry—
bring him back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're
found my sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne, "Re-
way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
go to the des-ert to find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep."
Sick and helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
pierced to - night by many a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
joice, for the Lord brings back His own! Re-joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

It Is Well With My Soul

H. G. Spafford — P. P. Bliss

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con-trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound and the Lord shall de-scend,
Chorus
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well
soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
with my soul,

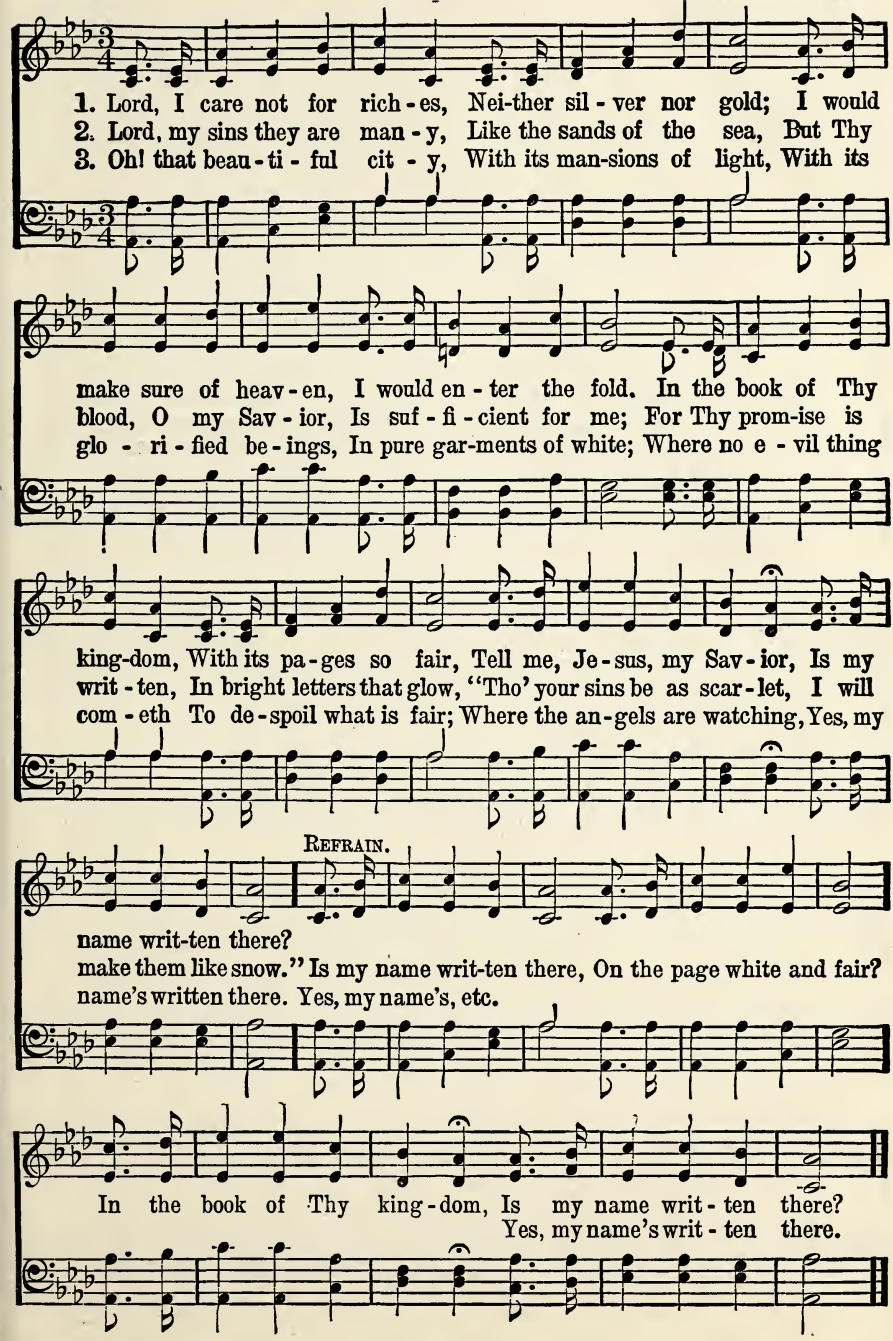
Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth-er it be
2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo - ry
noon or night, Faith-ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,
rit.
CHORUS
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an - swer thee—"Well done"? Oh, can we say we are
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?
read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He
find you and me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS


1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy king-dom, With its pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there?
2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my Sav-ior, Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten, In bright letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow." Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e-vil thing com-eth To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my name's written there. Yes, my name's, etc.
REFRAIN.
In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

I Am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I

REFRAIN

clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee.

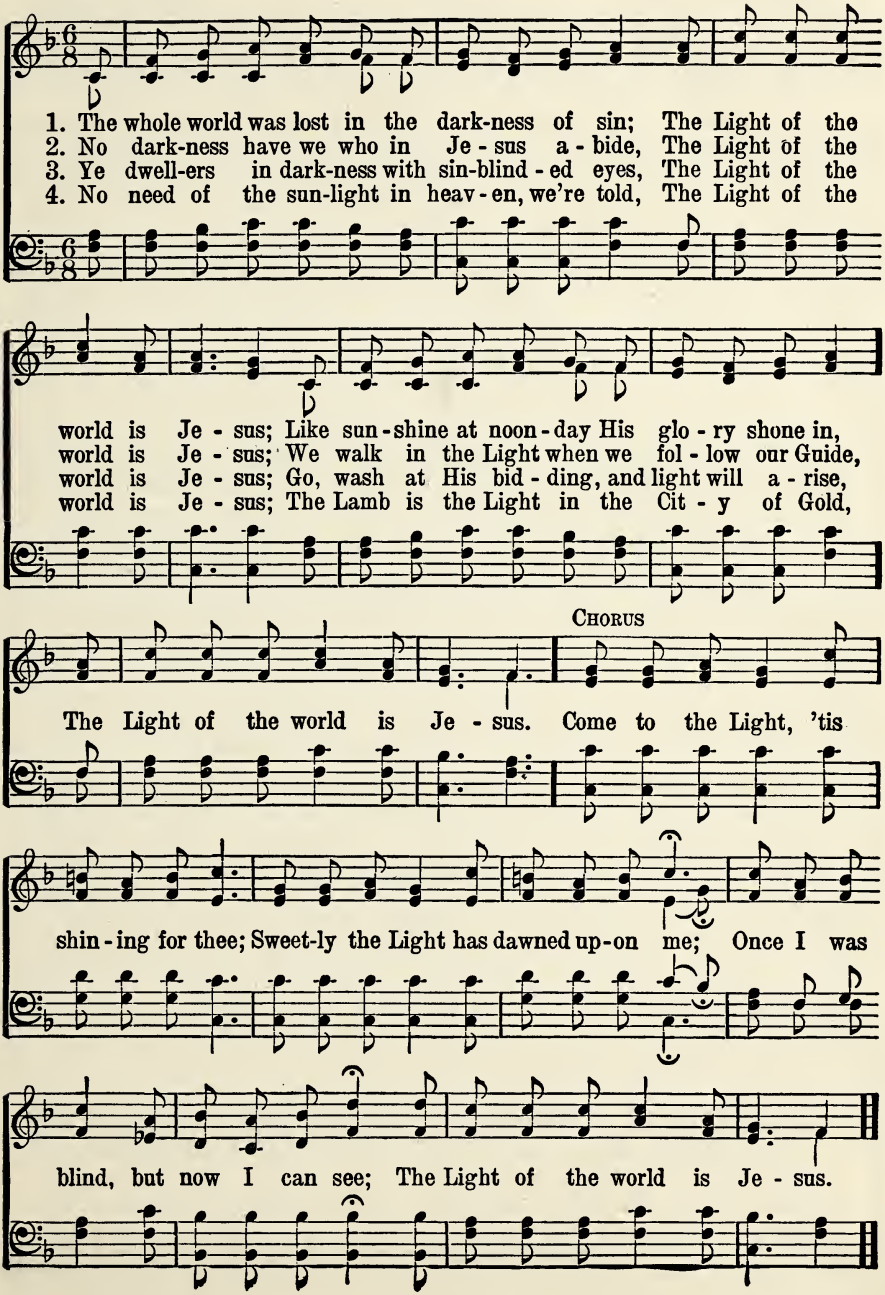
near - er, near - er,

Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

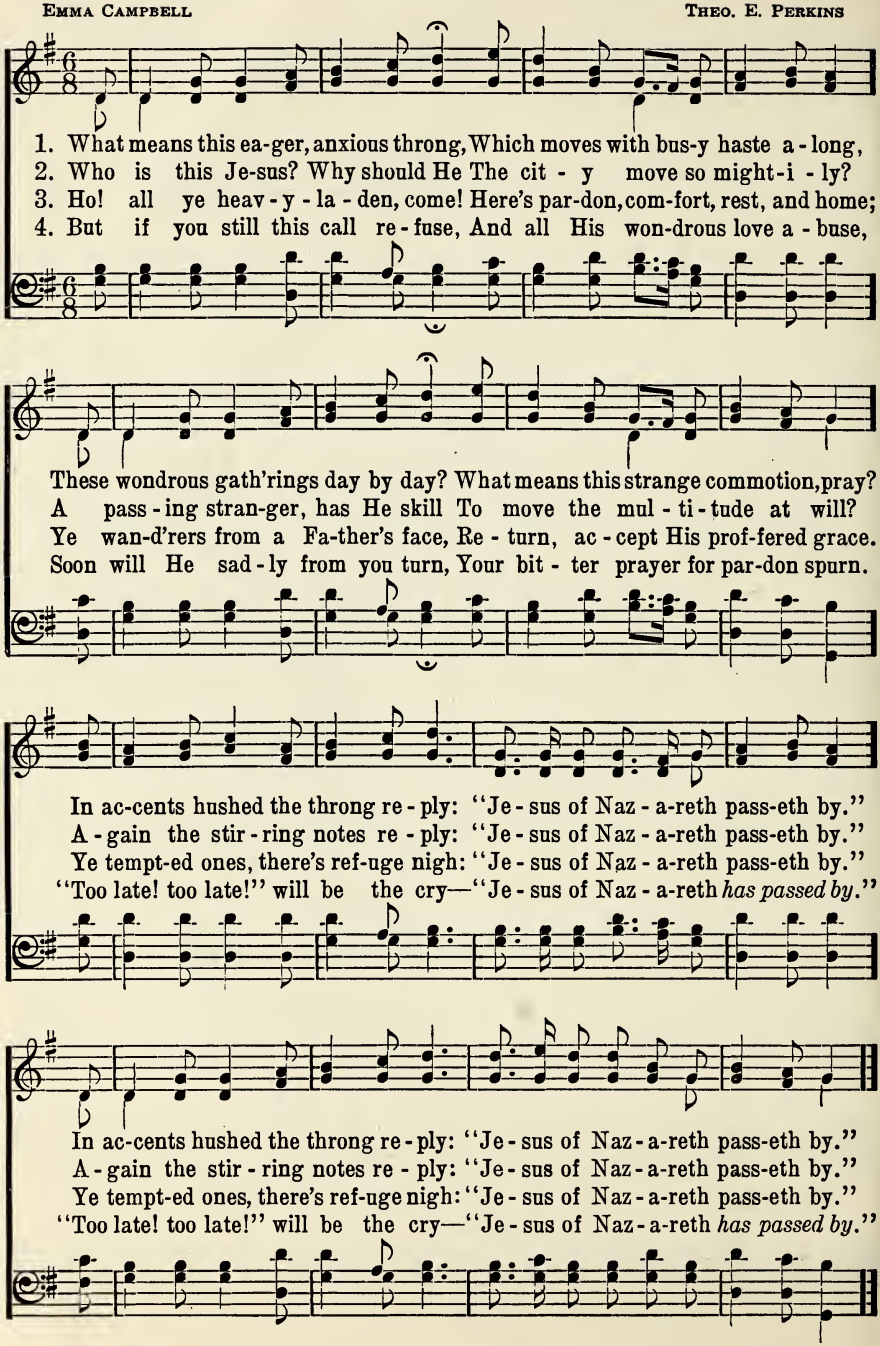
9 The Light of the World Is Jesus

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss


1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in,
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide,
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind - ed eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus; Go, wash at His bid - ding, and light will a - rise,
4. No need of the sun-light in heav - en, we're told, The Light of the world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the Light in the Cit - y of Gold,
Chorus
The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis
shin - ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me; Once I was
blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je - sus.

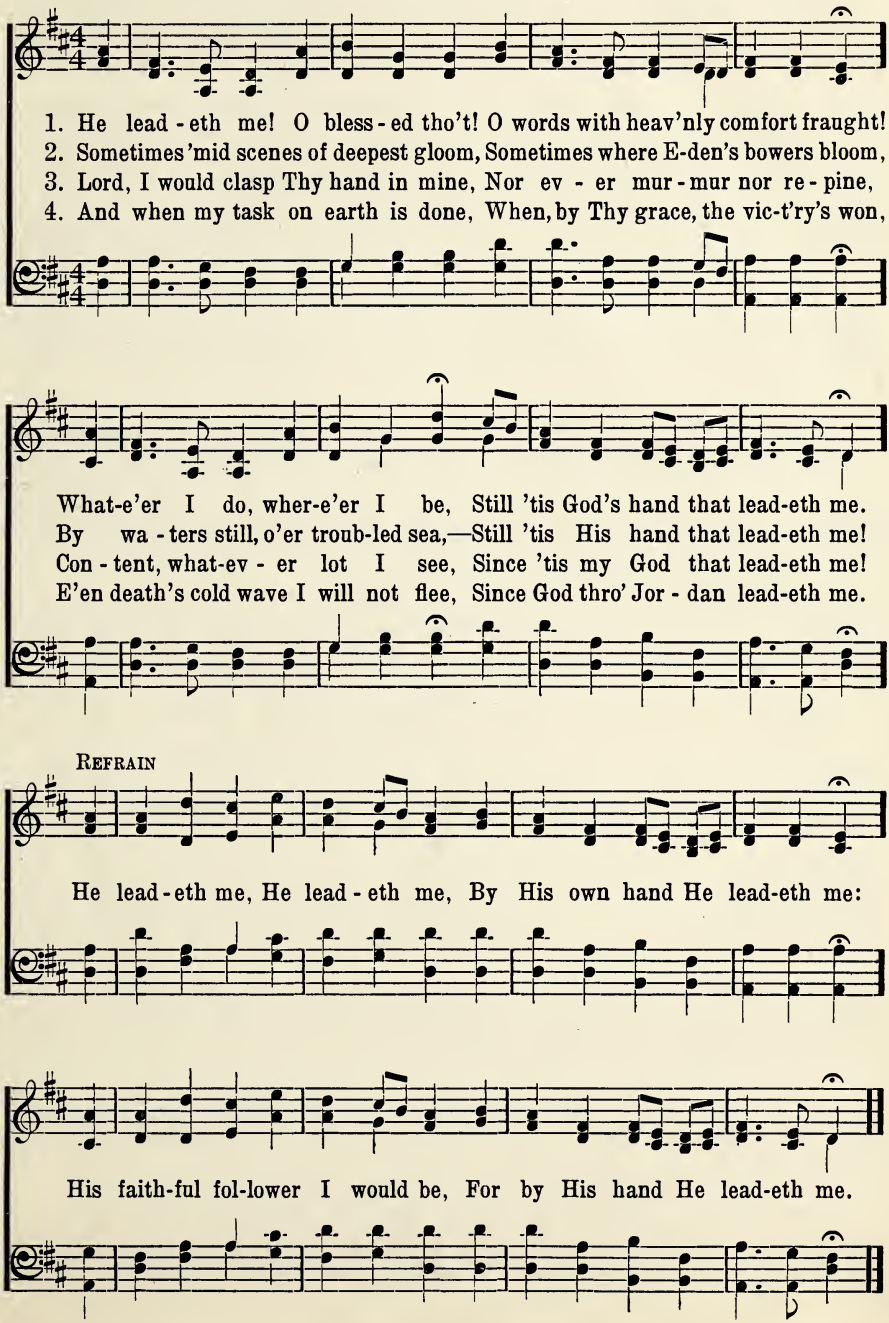
Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By

EMMA CAMPBELL THEO. E. PERKINS


1. What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bus-y haste a-long,
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might-i - ly?
3. Ho! all ye heav-y - la - den, come! Here's par-don, com-fort, rest, and home;
4. But if you still this call re - fuse, And all His won-drous love a - buse,
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
A pass-ing stran-ger, has He skill To move the mul - ti-tude at will?
Ye wan-d'rers from a Fa-ther's face, Re - turn, ac-cept His prof-fered grace.
Soon will He sad-ly from you turn, Your bit - ter prayer for par-don spurn.
In ac-cents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
Ye tempt-ed ones, there's ref-uge nigh: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—"Je-sus of Naz-a-reth *has passed by*."
In ac-cents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
Ye tempt-ed ones, there's ref-uge nigh: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—"Je-sus of Naz-a-reth *has passed by*."

He Leadeth Me

JOSEPH H. GILMORE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

"Whosoever Will"

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings
2. Who-so-ev-er com - eth, need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise is se - cure; "Who-so-ev - er will," for-

all the world a-round; Tell the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found,
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who-so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more;

Chorus

"Who-so-ev - er will may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so-ev - er will!"

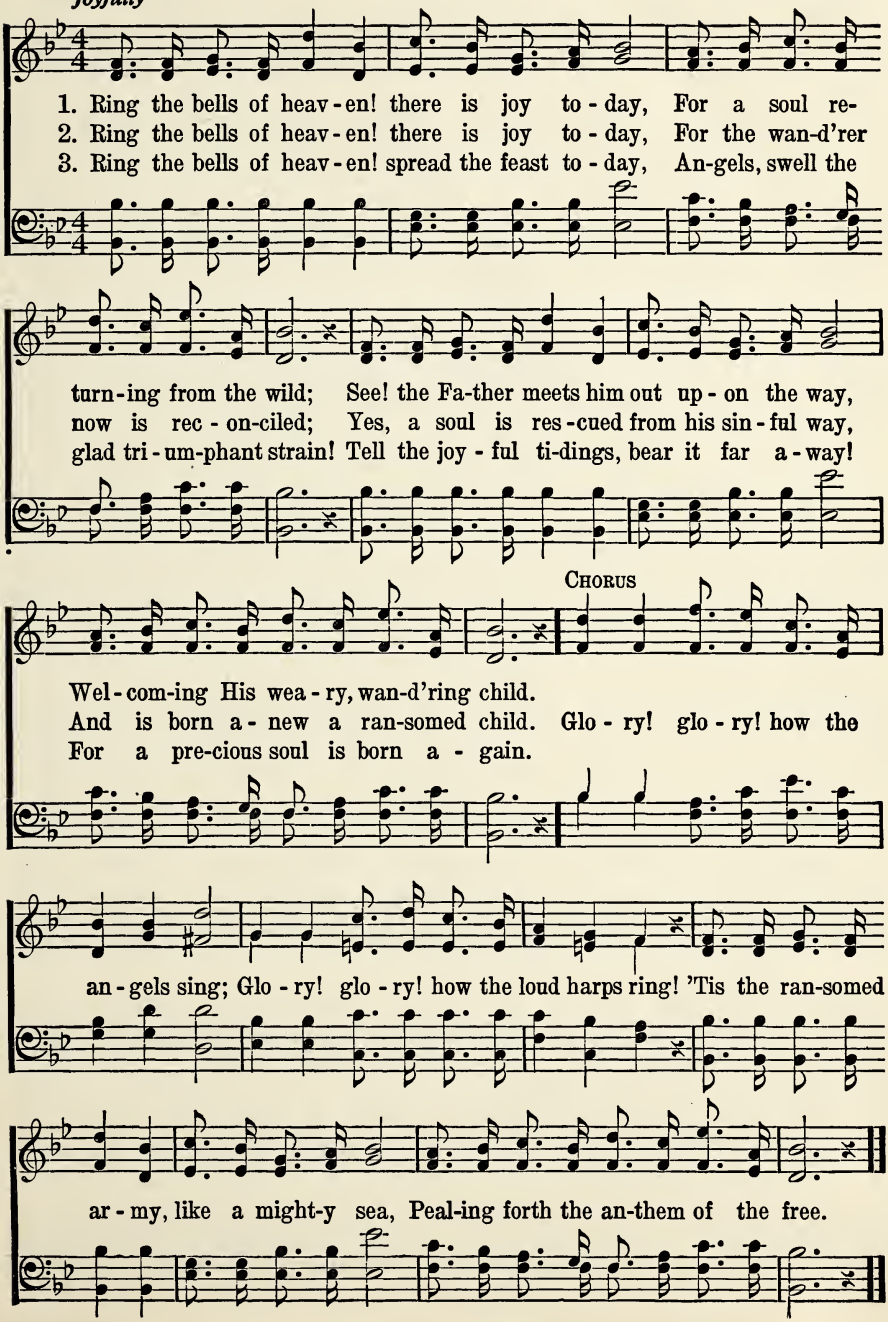
Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing

Fa - ther calls the wan-d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will may come."

Ring the Bells of Heaven

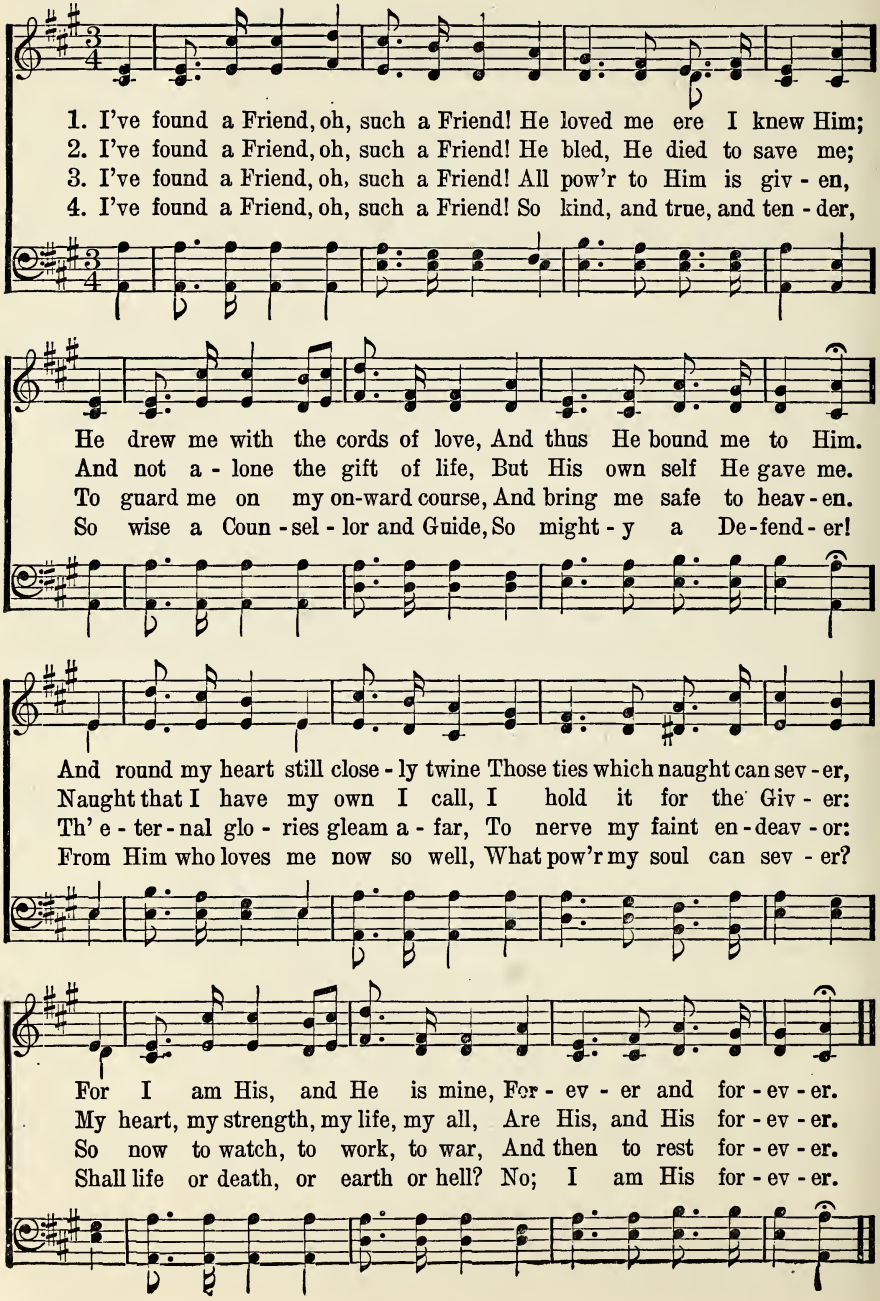
W. O. CUSHING — G. F. ROOT

Joyfully

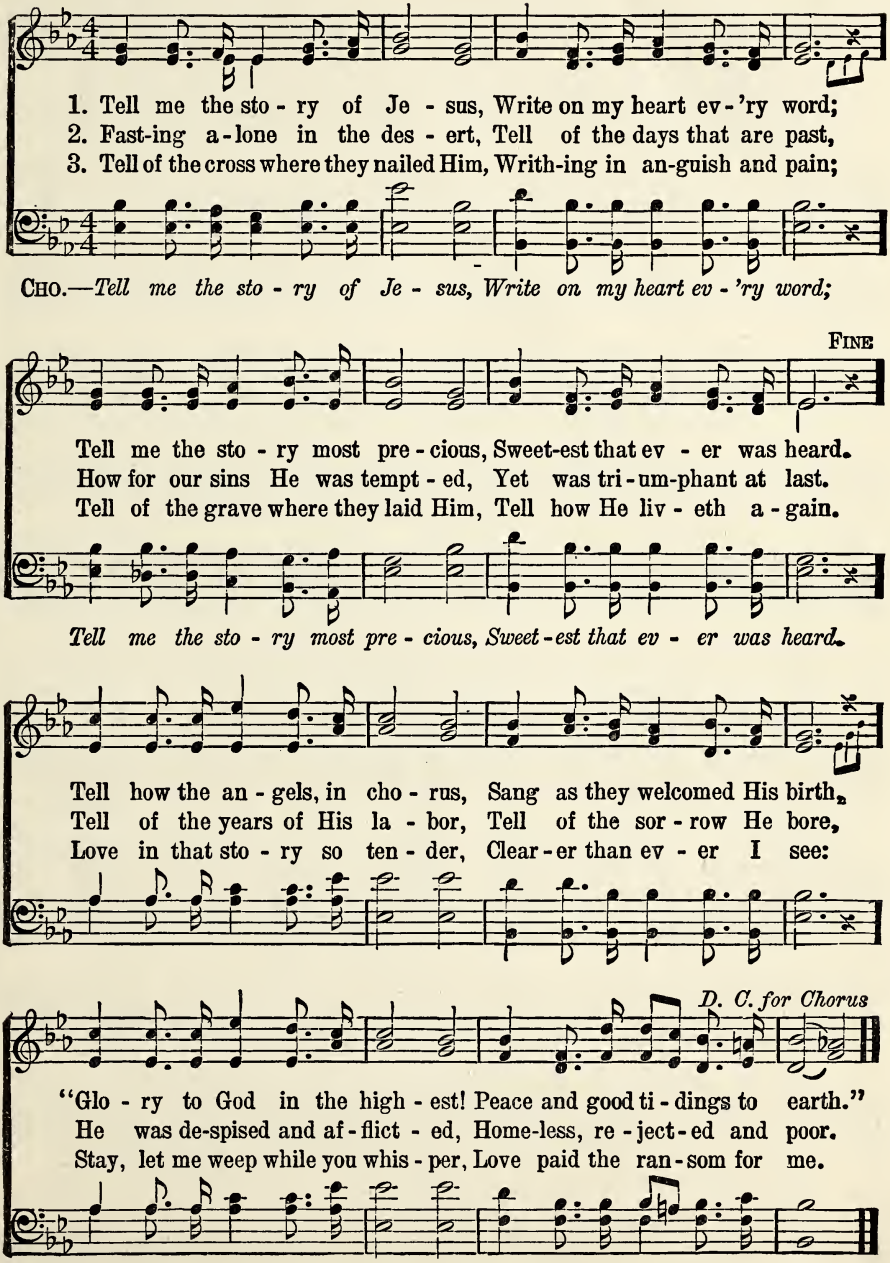

1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the wan-d'rer
3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels, swell the
turn-ing from the wild; See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way,
now is rec-on-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way,
glad tri-um-phant strain! Tell the joy-ful ti-dings, bear it far a-way!
CHORUS
Wel-com-ing His wea-ry, wan-d'ring child.
And is born a-new a ran-somed child. Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the
For a pre-cious soul is born a-gain.
an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring! 'Tis the ran-somed
ar-my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.

I've Found a Friend

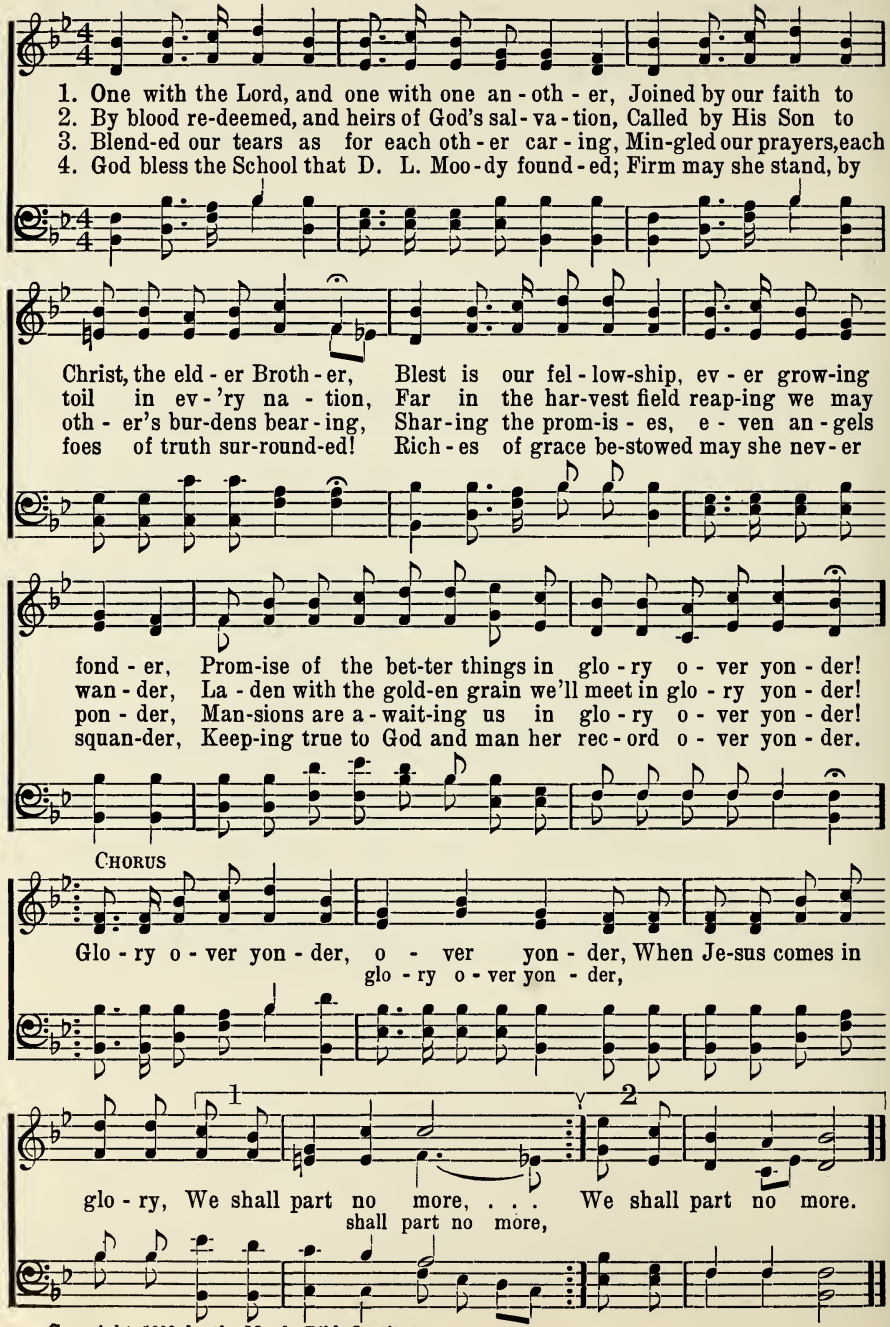
J. G. SMALL — GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend - er!
And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

15 Tell Me the Story of Jesus

FANNY J. CROSBY JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are past,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh-ing in an-guish and pain;
CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
FINE
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um-phant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.
Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see:
D. C. for Chorus
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

Christian Fellowship Song

JAMES M. GRAY — D. B. TOWNER

1. One with the Lord, and one with one an - oth - er, Joined by our faith to
2. By blood re-deemed, and heirs of God's sal - va - tion, Called by His Son to
3. Blend-ed our tears as for each oth - er car - ing, Min-gled our prayers, each
4. God bless the School that D. L. Moo - dy found - ed; Firm may she stand, by
Christ, the eld - er Broth - er, Blest is our fel - low-ship, ev - er grow-ing
toil in ev - 'ry na - tion, Far in the har-vest field reap-ing we may
oth - er's bur-dens bear - ing, Shar-ing the prom-is - es, e - ven an - gels
foes of truth sur-round-ed! Rich - es of grace be-stowed may she nev - er
fond - er, Prom-ise of the bet-ter things in glo - ry o - ver yon - der!
wan - der, La - den with the gold-en grain we'll meet in glo - ry yon - der!
pon - der, Man-sions are a - wait-ing us in glo - ry o - ver yon - der!
squan-der, Keep-ing true to God and man her rec - ord o - ver yon - der.
CHORUS
Glo - ry o - ver yon - der, o - ver yon - der, When Je-sus comes in
glo - ry o - ver yon - der,
1
2
glo - ry, We shall part no more, . . . We shall part no more.
shall part no more,

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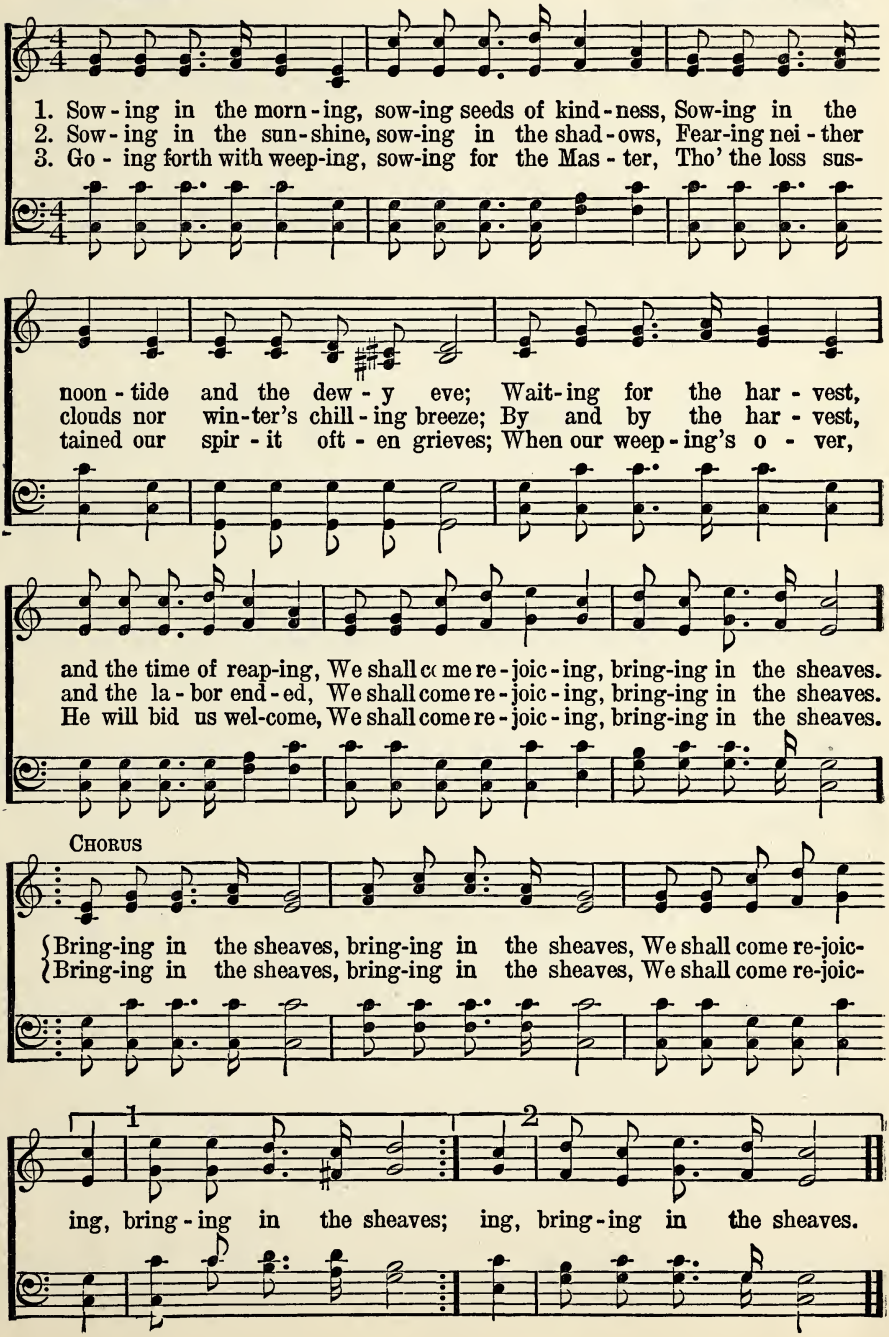
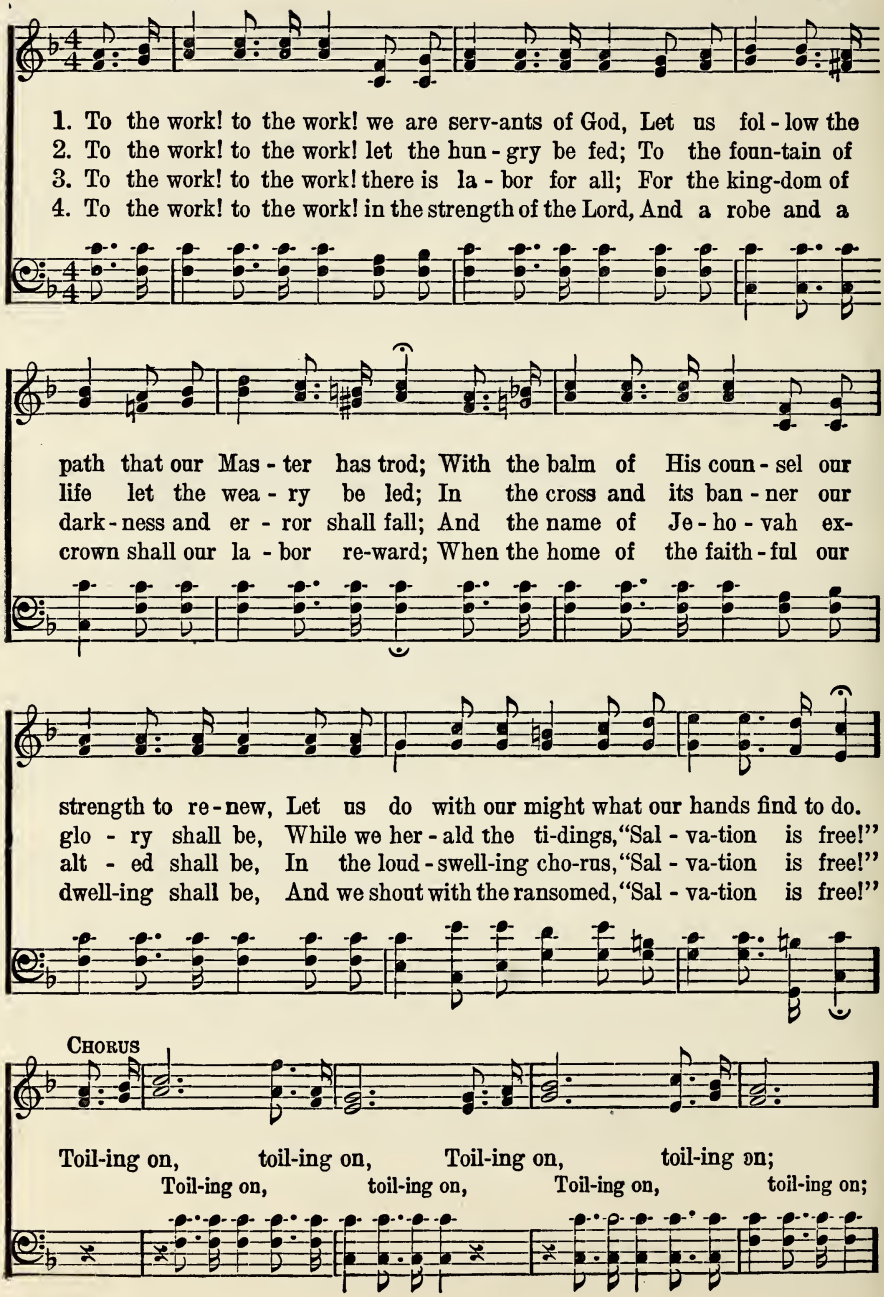
17 Bringing In the Sheaves

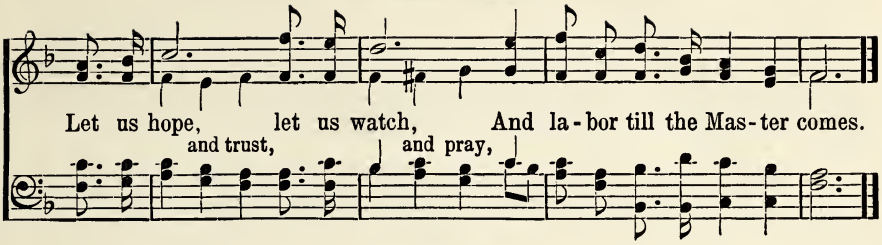
KNOWLES SHAW GEORGE A. MINOR

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow-ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow-ing in the shad - ows, Fear-ing nei - ther
3. Go - ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus-
noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest,
clouds nor win-ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,
tained our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep - ing's o - ver,
and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us wel-come, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
CHORUS
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
1
2
ing, bring - ing in the sheaves; ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

To the Work

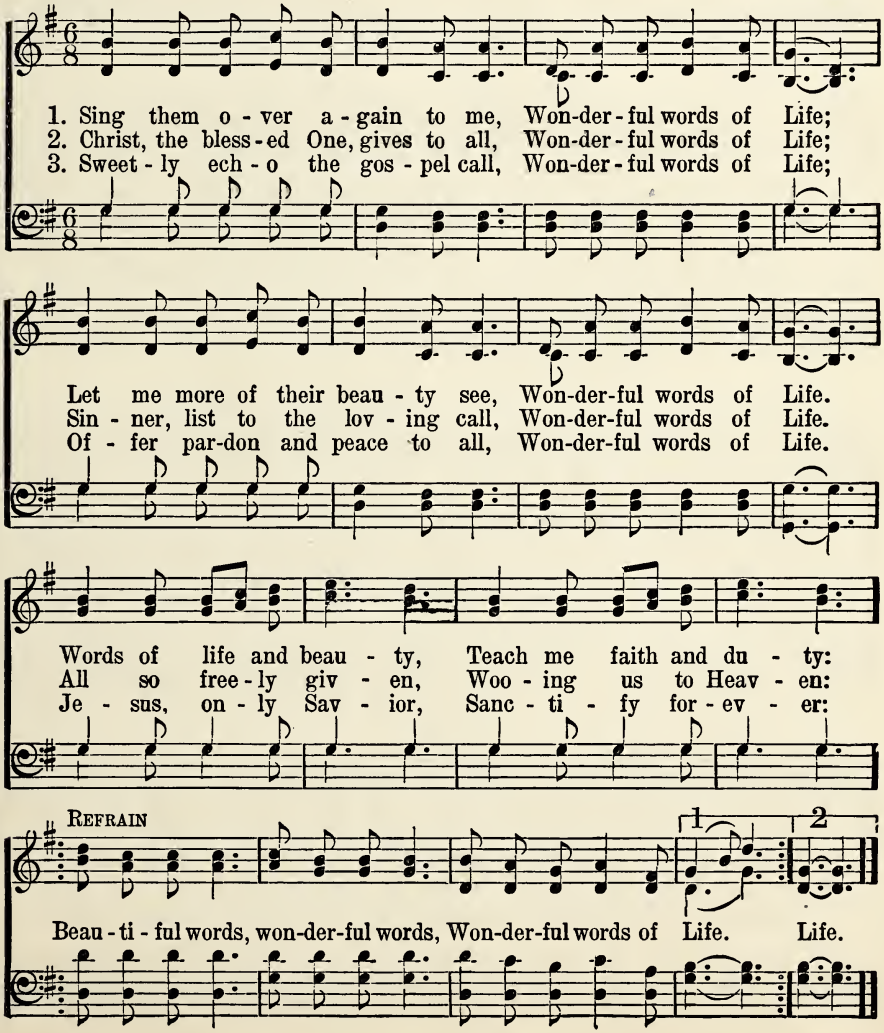
FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. To the work! to the work! we are serv-ants of God, Let us fol-low the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the foun-tain of
3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all; For the king-dom of
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a
path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His coun-sel our
life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our
dark-ness and er-ror shall fall; And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-
crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the home of the faith-ful our
strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
alt-ed shall be, In the loud-swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
CHORUS
Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;
Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;

To the Work



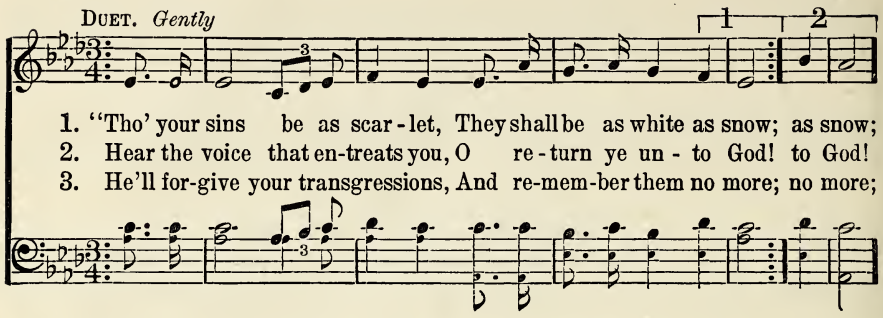
19 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin-ner, list to the lov-ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of-fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du-ty:
All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to Heav-en:
Je-sus, on-ly Sav-ior, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev-er:
Refrain
1
2
Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. Life.

Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

DUET. *Gently*



1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to Me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

(1) Tho' they be red

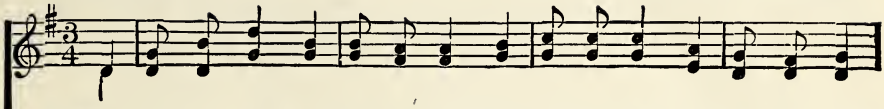
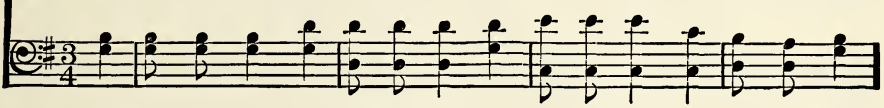
DUET *p* QUARTET *f*

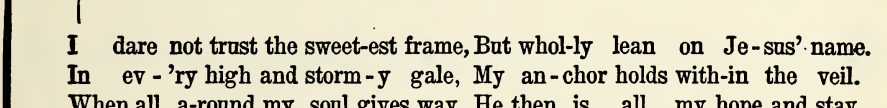
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

p rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

The Solid Rock

EDWARD MOTE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When darkness seems to hide His face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.



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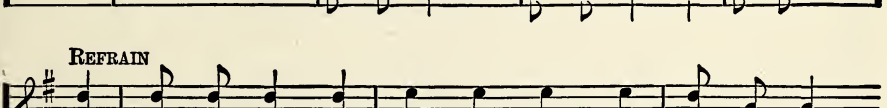
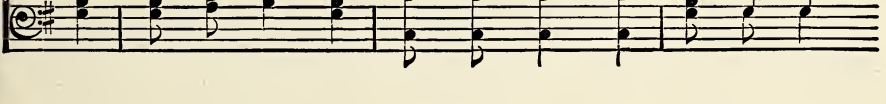
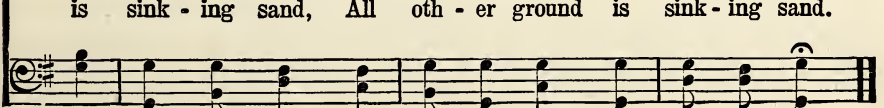


On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground



is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



My Redeemer

P. P. Bliss — James McGranahan

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God with Him to be.

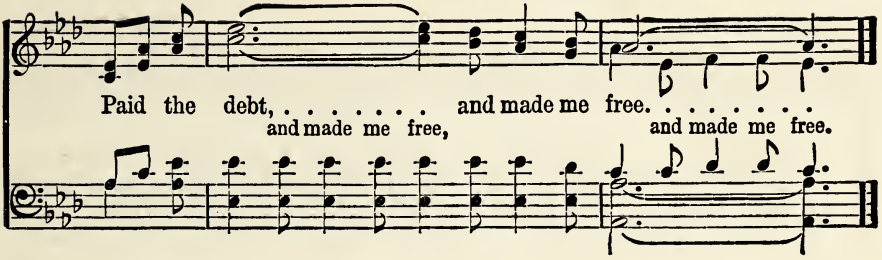
Chorus

Sing, oh, sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er,
of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood . . . . . He pur-chased me, ...
He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me,

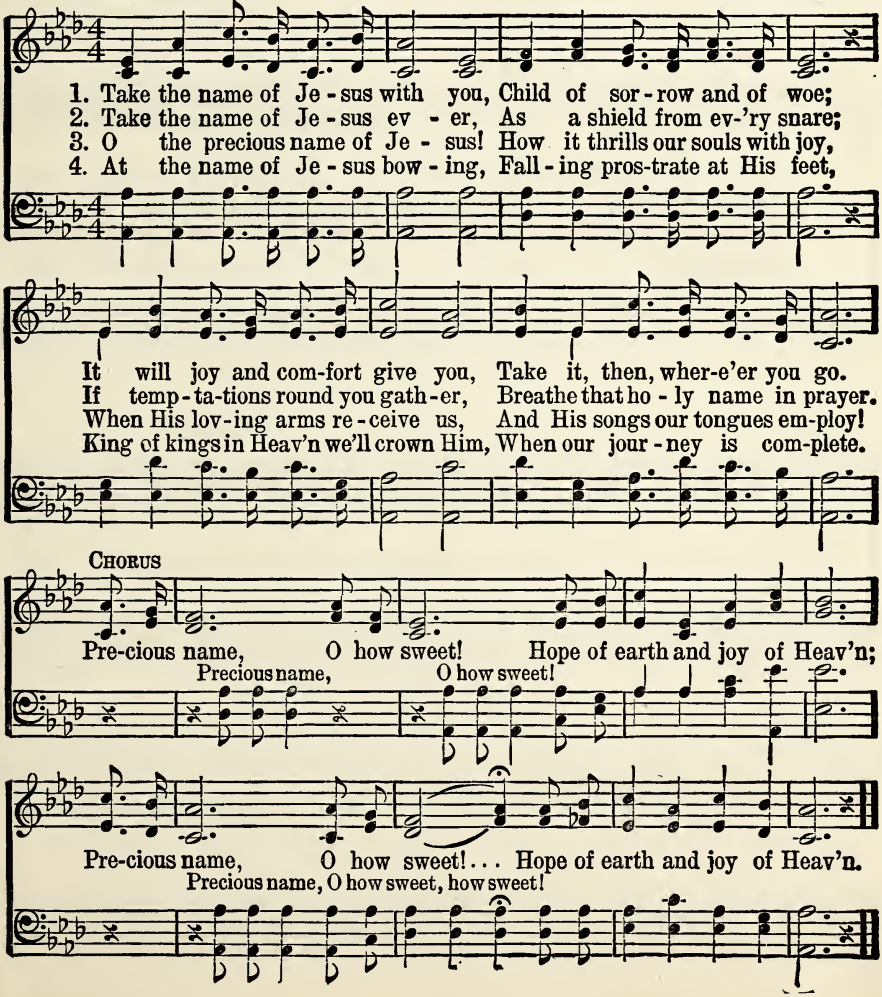
On the cross . . . . . He sealed my par-don,
He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

My Redeemer



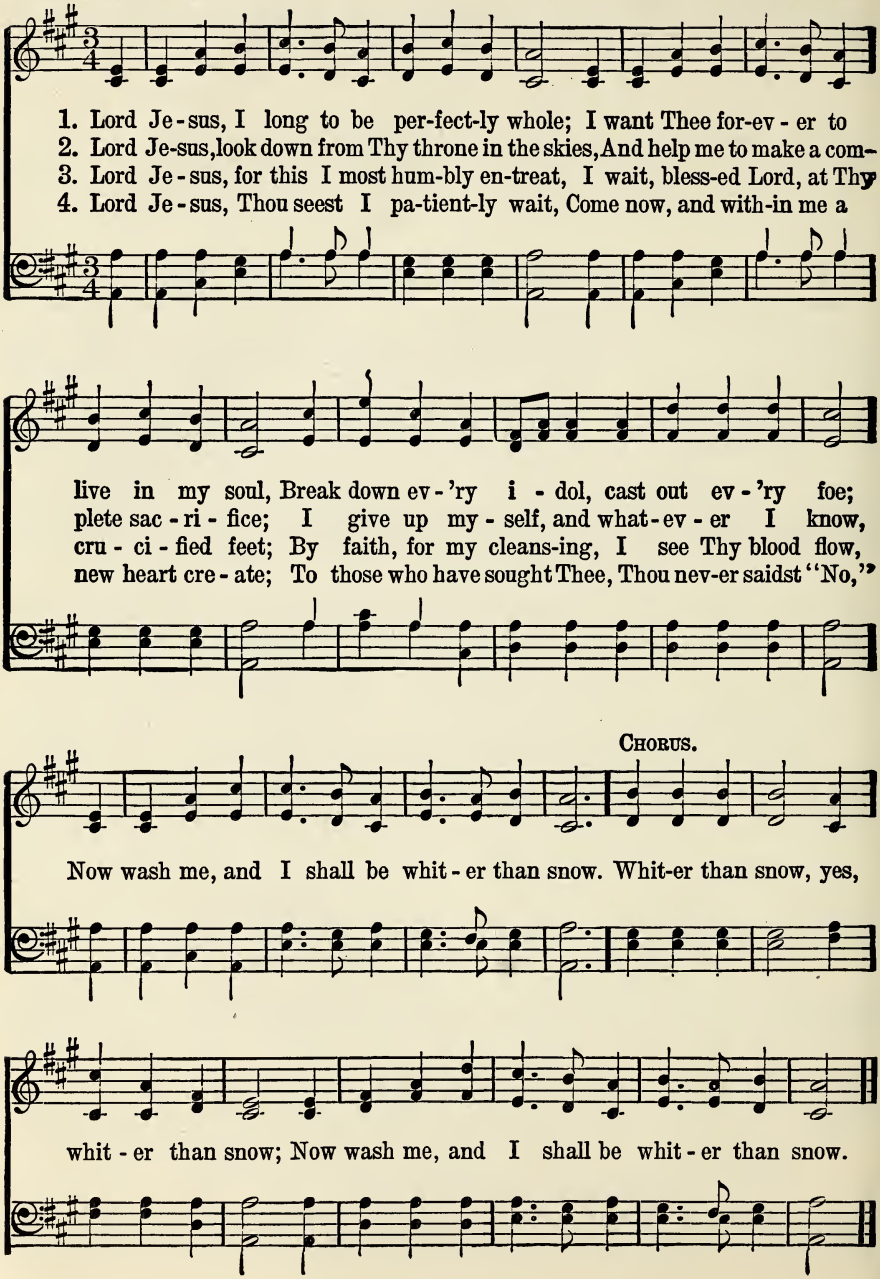
23 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Mrs. Lydia Baxter W. H. Doane


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.
Chorus
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

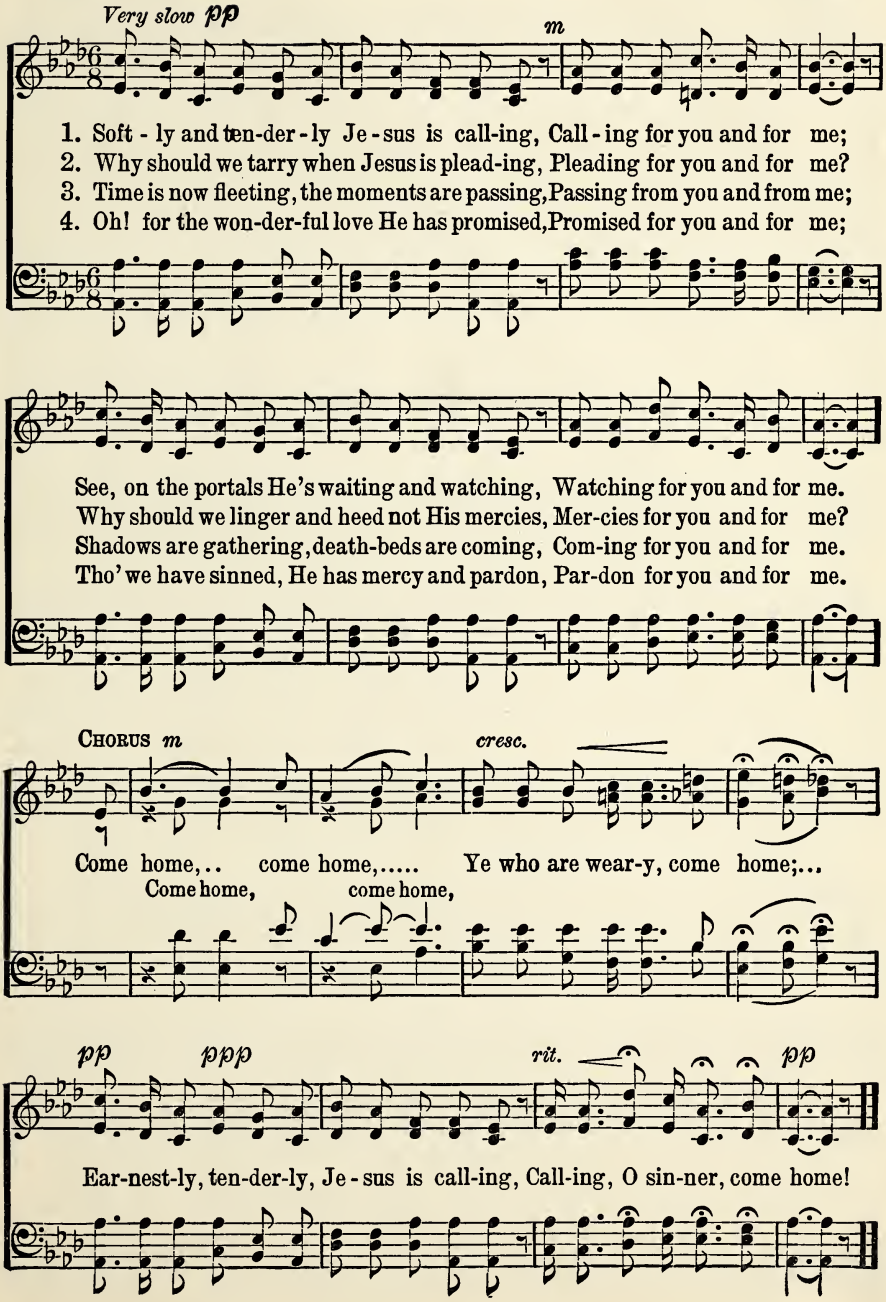
Whiter Than Snow

JAMES NICHOLSON — WM. G. FISCHER


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know,
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow,
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with-in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er saidst "No,"
CHORUS.
Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON


Very slow pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS m
cresc.
Come home,.. come home,..... Ye who are wear-y, come home;...
Come home, come home,
pp ppp
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

The Child of a King

HATTIE E. BUELL — Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan-dered o'er
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of
earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reign-ing for-
choice, an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full,— He has rich-es un - told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
name's written down,—An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

CHORUS

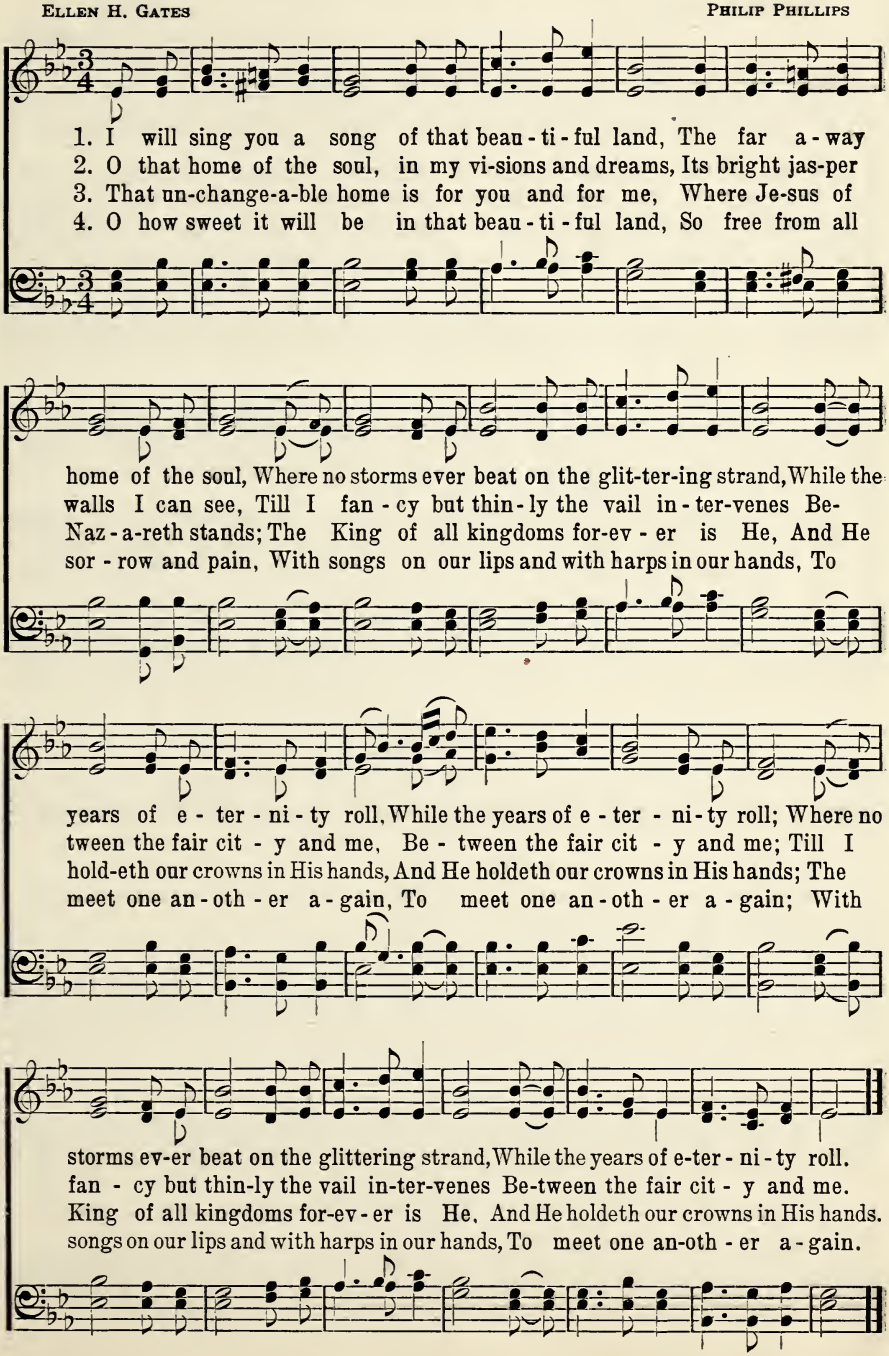
I'm the child of a King, The child of a King!

ad lib.

With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King.

Home of the Soul

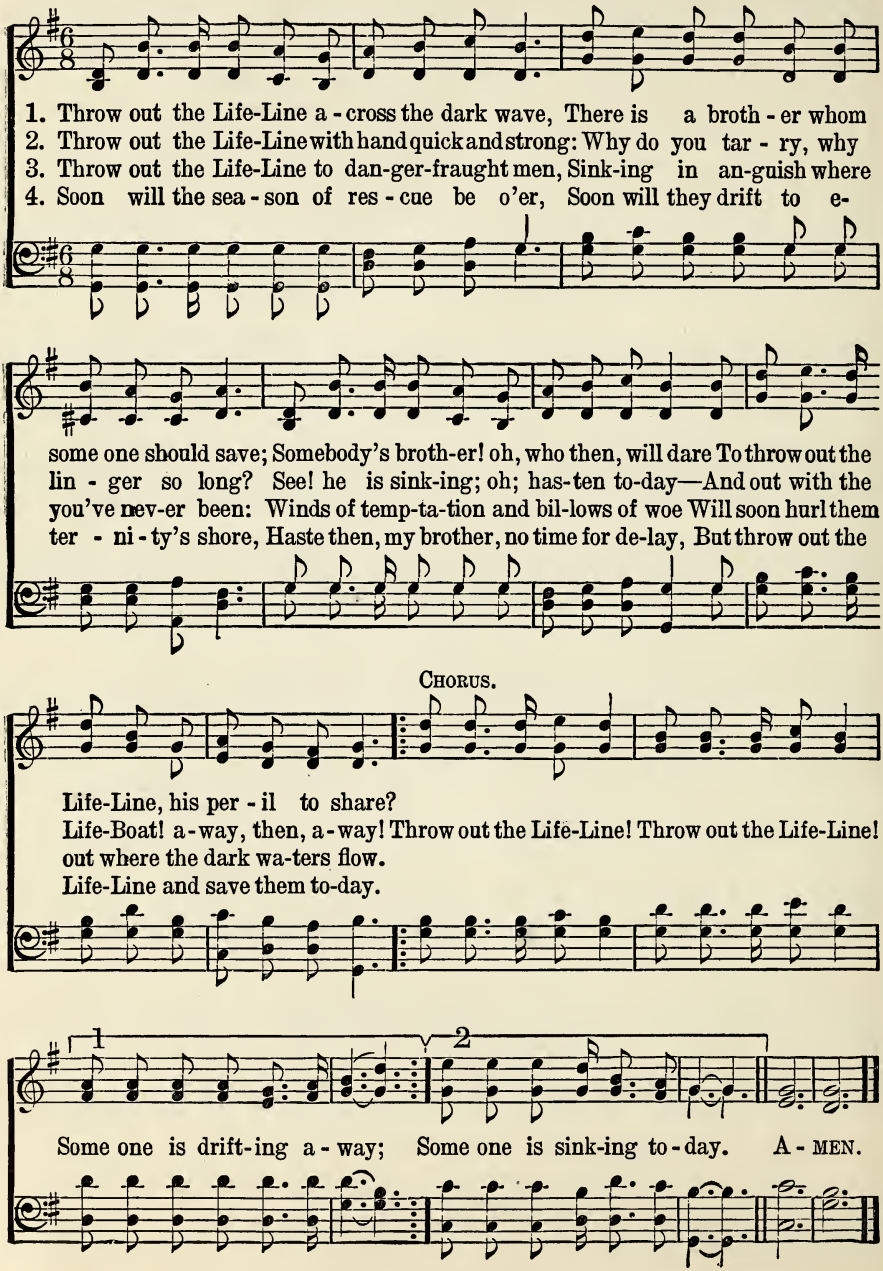
ELLEN H. GATES PHILIP PHILLIPS


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way
2. O that home of the soul, in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright jas-per
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all
home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-
Naz-a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He
sor-row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To
years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I
hold-eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The
meet one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With
storms ev-er beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

Throw Out the Life-Line

EDWARD S. UFFORD

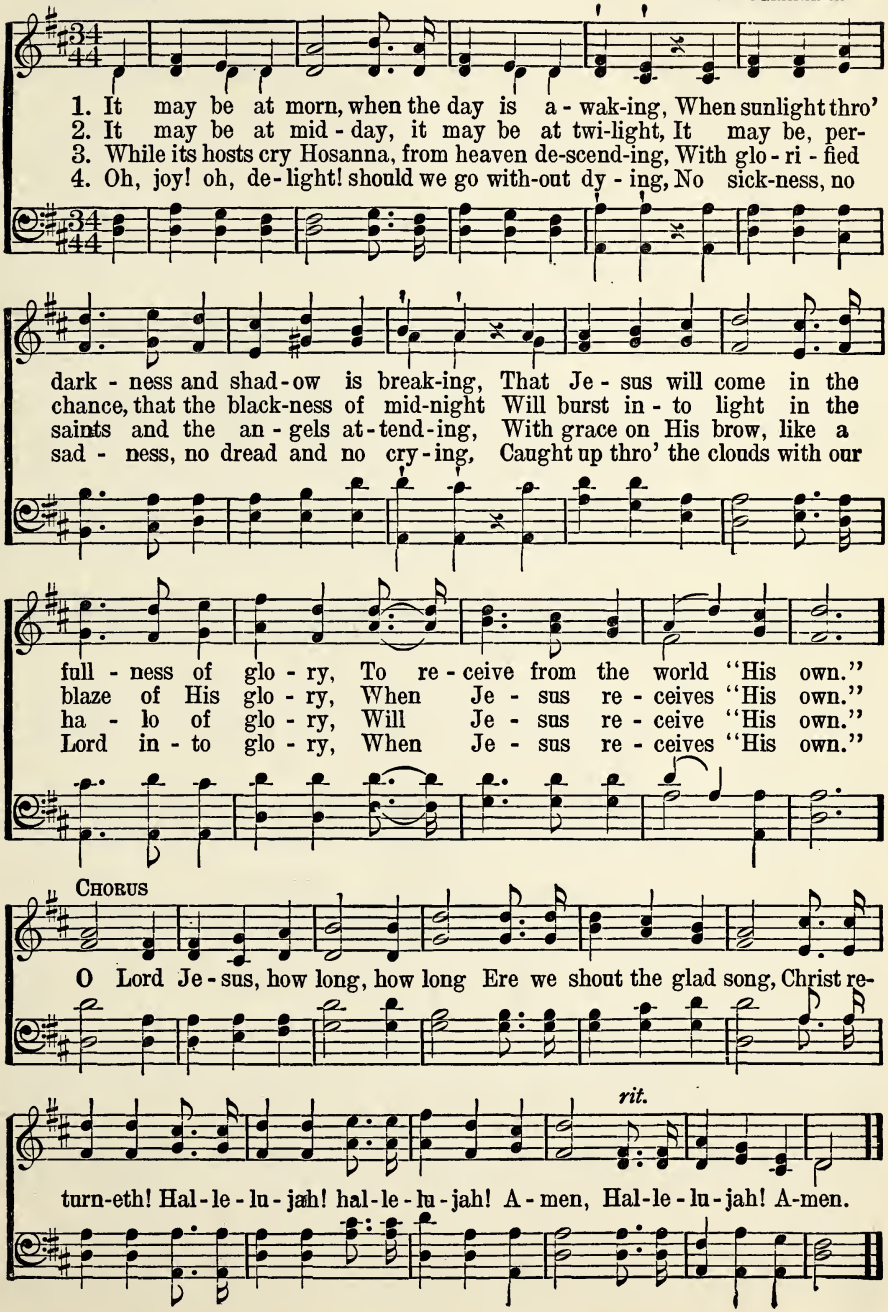
E. S. UFFORD
Arr. by GEORGE C. STEBBINS


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the
CHORUS.
Life-Line, his per - il to share?
Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa-ters flow.
Life-Line and save them to-day.
1
2
Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - MEN.

Christ Returneth

H. L. TURNER

JAMES McGRANAHAN


1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven de-scend-ing, With glo - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no
dark - ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
saints and the an - gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
sad - ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our
full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
CHORUS
O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-
rit.
turn-eth! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A-men.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story

KATE HANKEY — W. H. DOANE

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re - mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

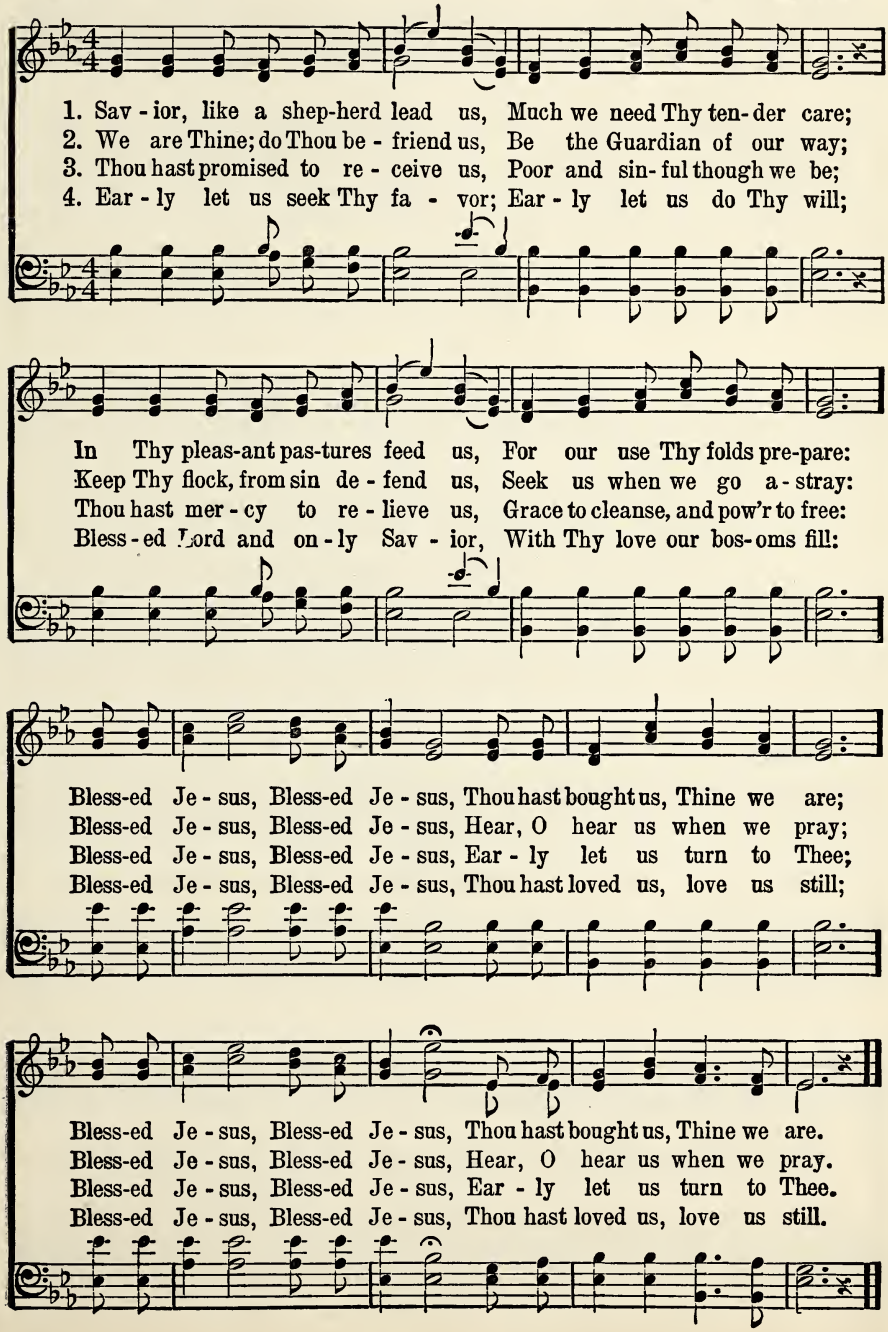
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry,
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn-ing
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub-le,
glo - ry is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:

CHORUS

And help - less and de - filed.
Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the
A com - fort - er to me.
"Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

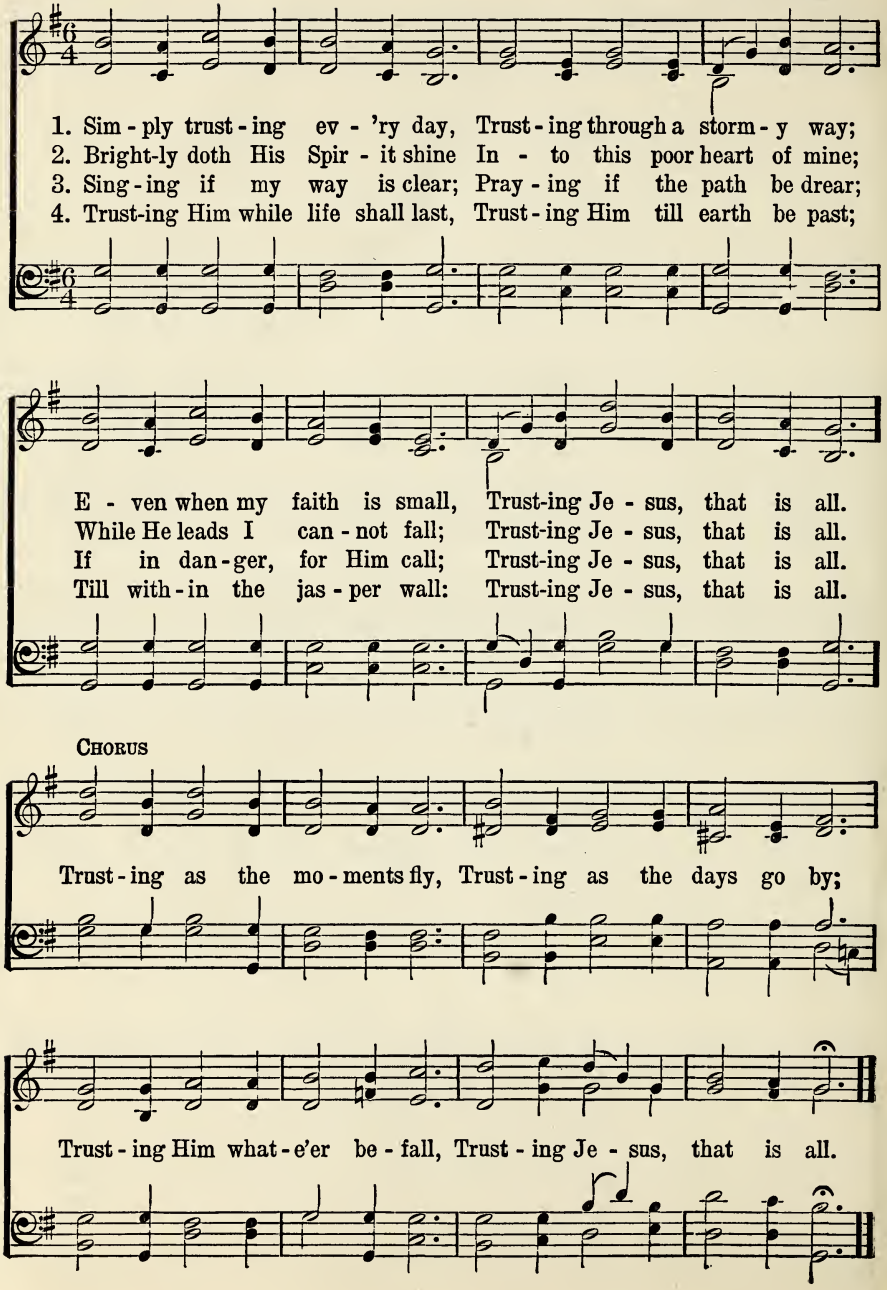
31 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

DOROTHY A. THRUPP — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Trusting Jesus

E. PAGE

IRA D. SANKEY


1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing if my way is clear; Pray - ing if the path be drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth be past;
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall: Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS
Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;
Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

God Be With You

J. E. Rankin — W. G. Tomer

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.

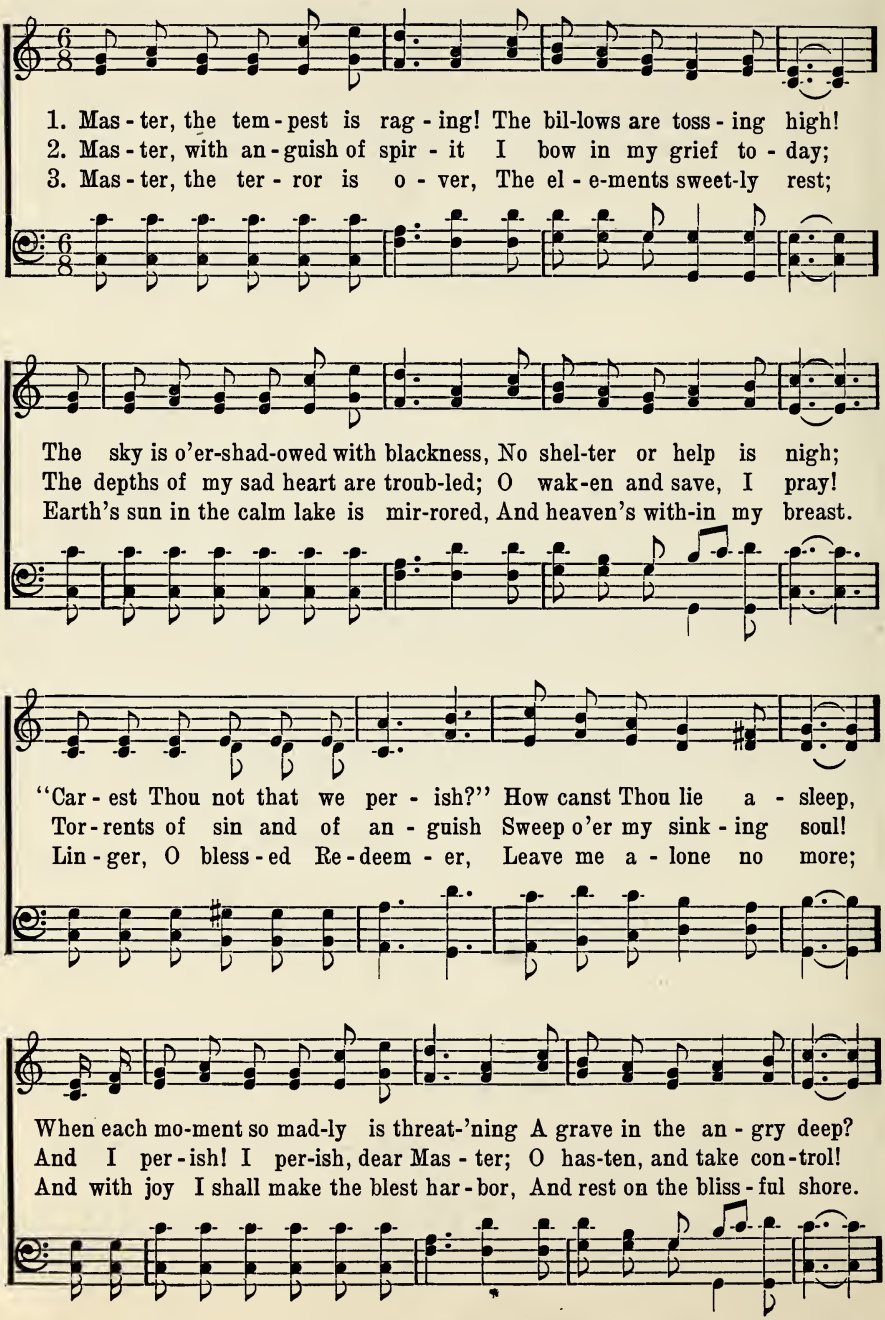
Chorus

Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;

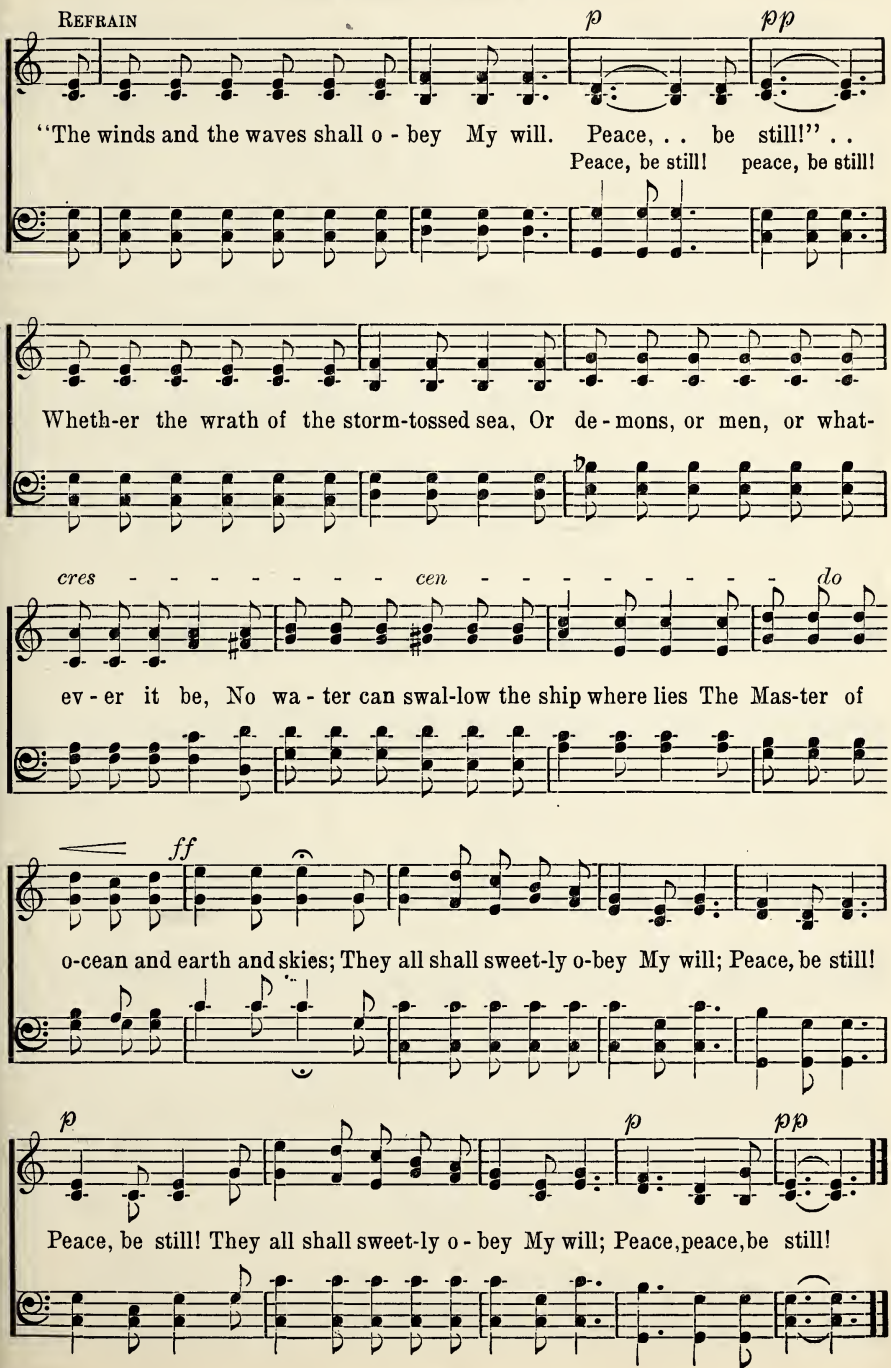
Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet,

Peace! Be Still!

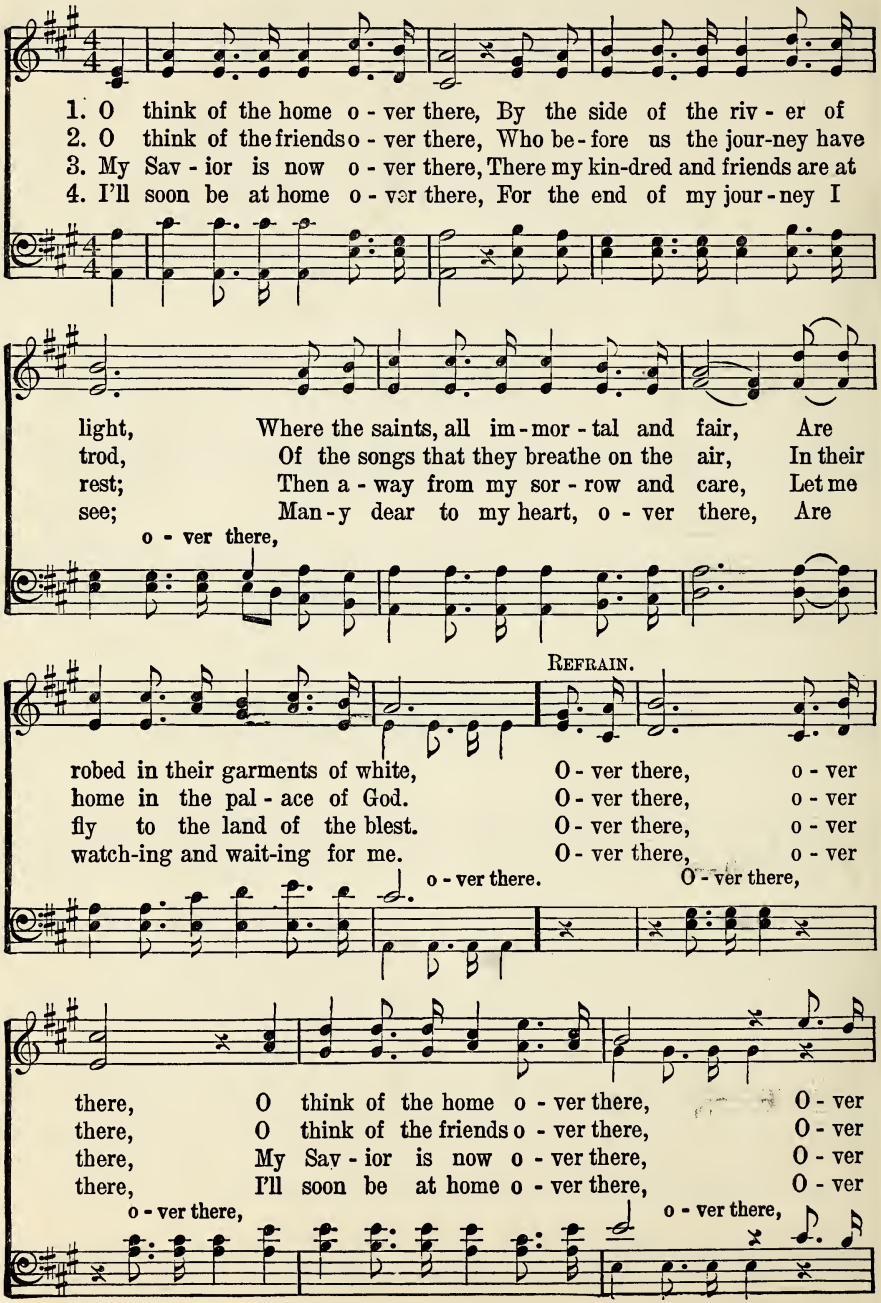
MARY A. BAKER H. R. PALMER


1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shad-owed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led; O wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast.
"Car - est Thou not that we per - ish?" How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul!
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;
When each mo-ment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per-ish, dear Mas - ter; O has-ten, and take con - trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

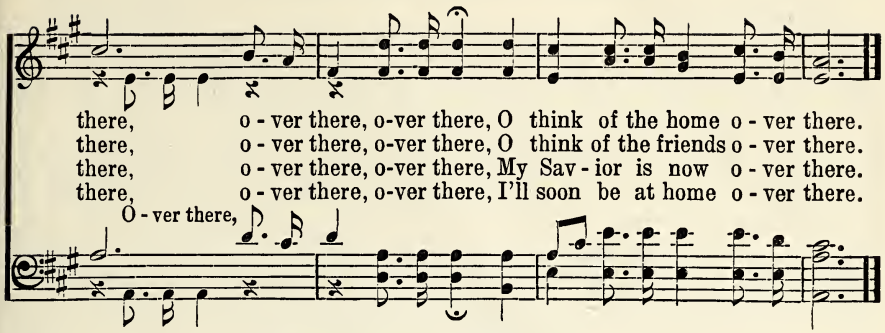
Peace! Be Still!


Refrain
p
pp
"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will. Peace, . . be still!" . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what-
cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do
ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of
ff
o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-bey My will; Peace, be still!
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!

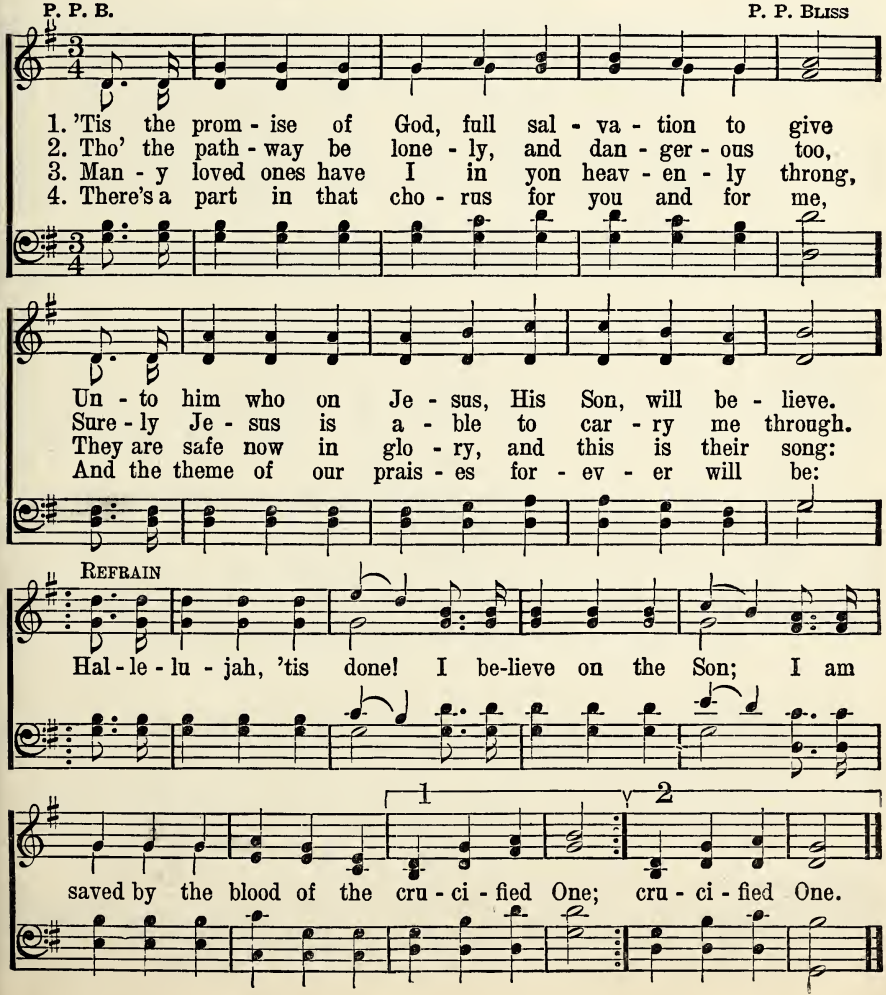
The Home Over There

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON — TULLIUS C. O'KANE

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
o - ver there,
REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there.
O - ver there,
there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there,
o - ver there,

The Home Over There

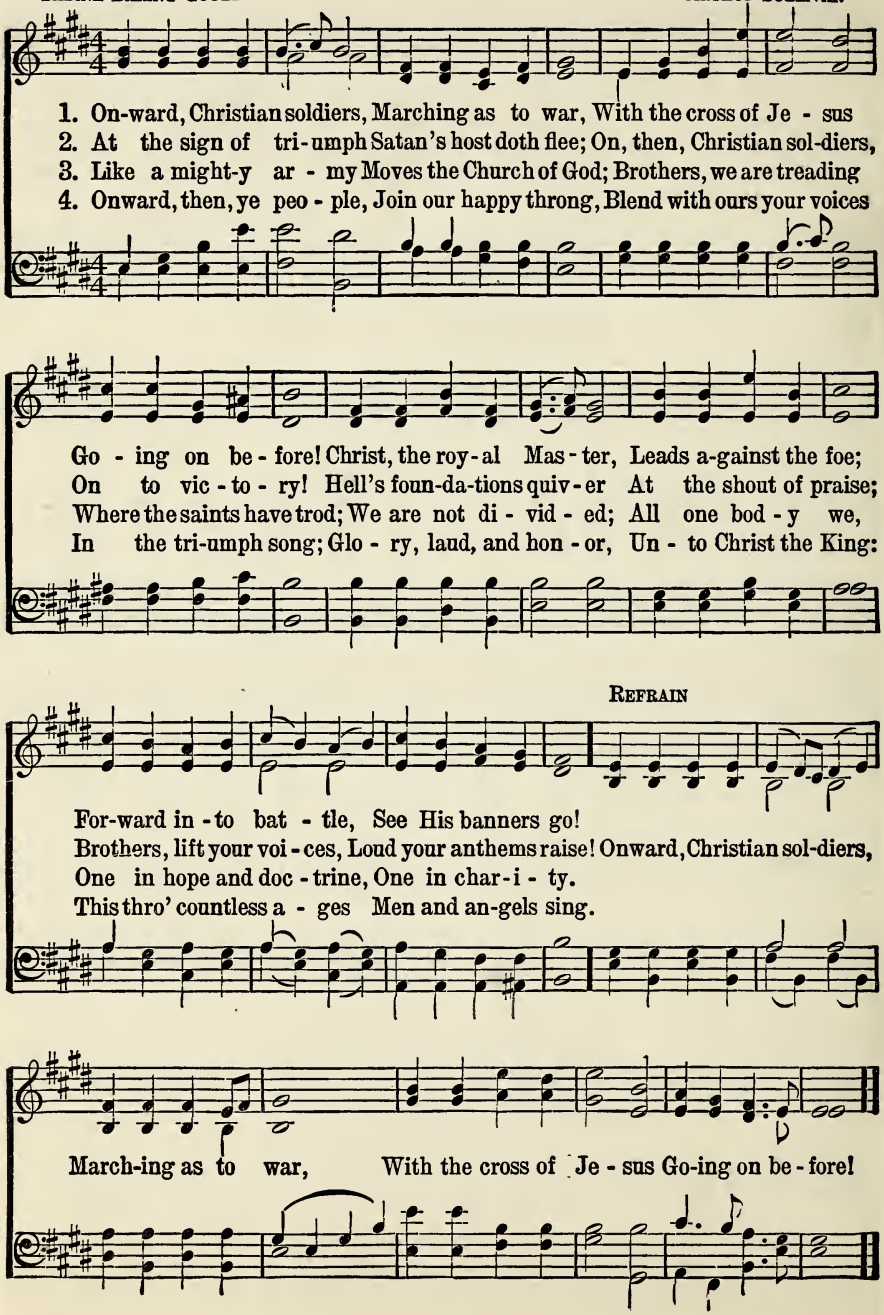

there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
O - ver there,

36 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too,
3. Man - y loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng,
4. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me,
Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is their song:
And the theme of our prais - es for - ev - er will be:
Refrain
Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the Son; I am
1
2
saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

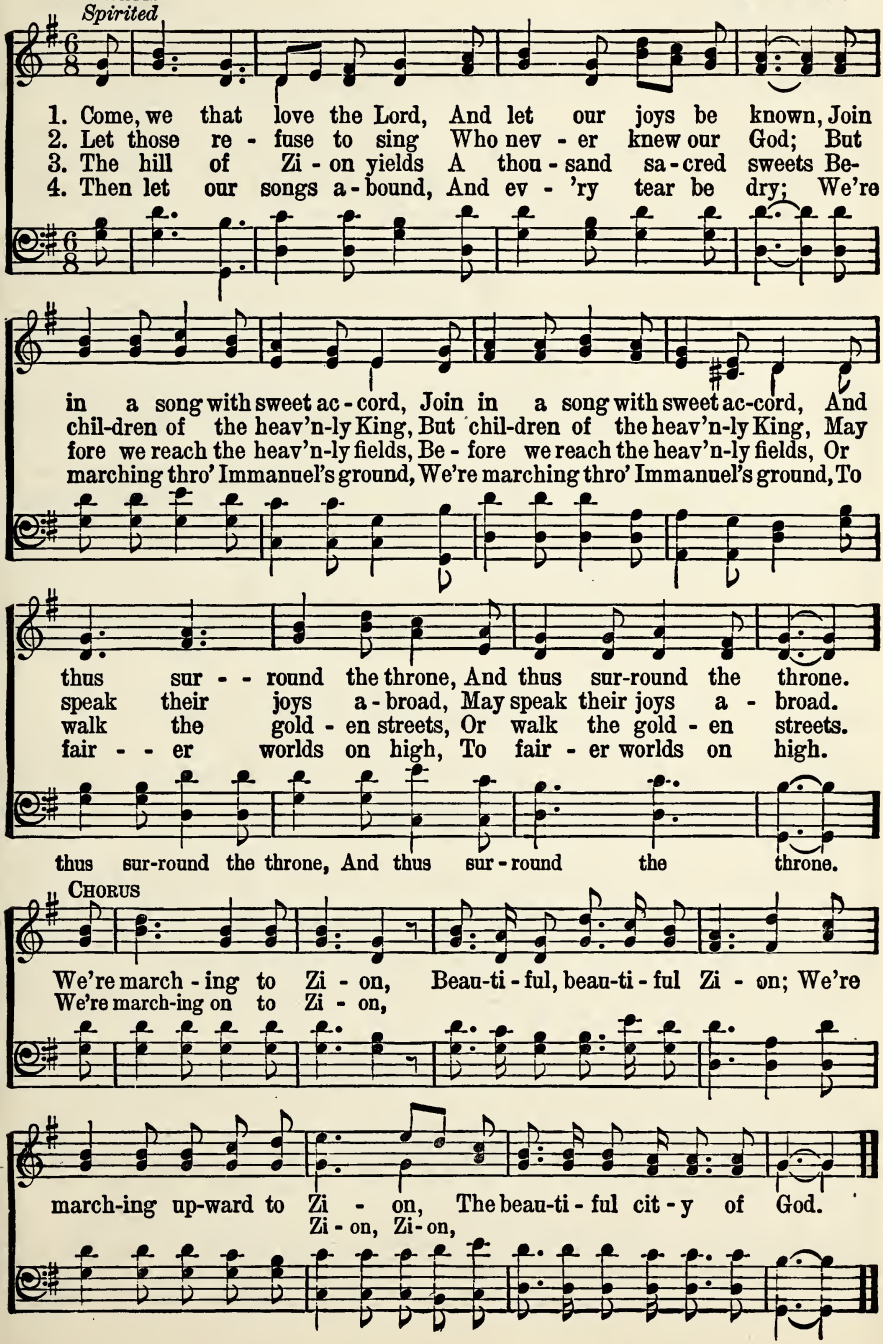
Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD — ARTHUR SULLIVAN


1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:
REFRAIN
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol-diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!

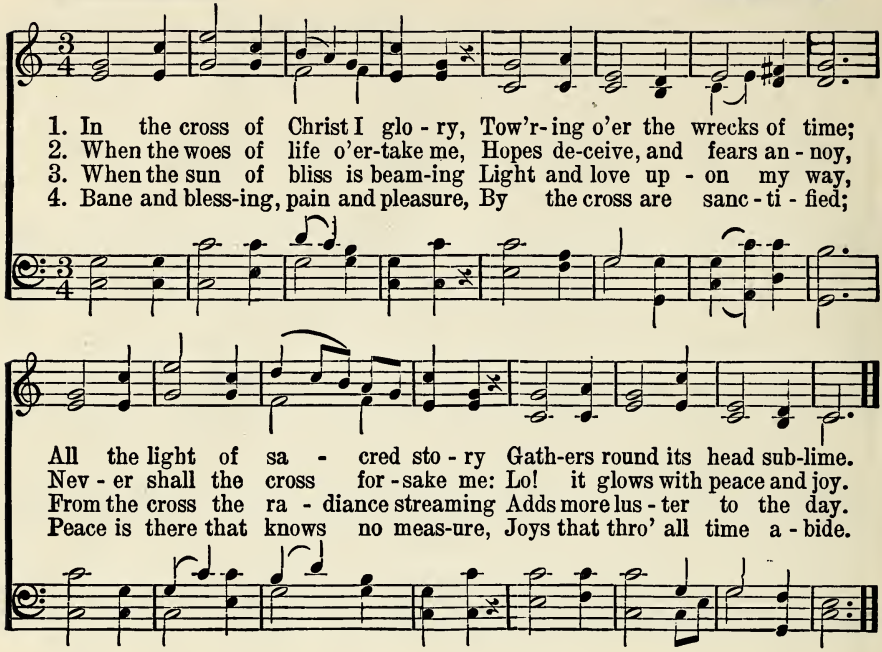
We're Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS — ROBERT LOWRY

Spirited

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

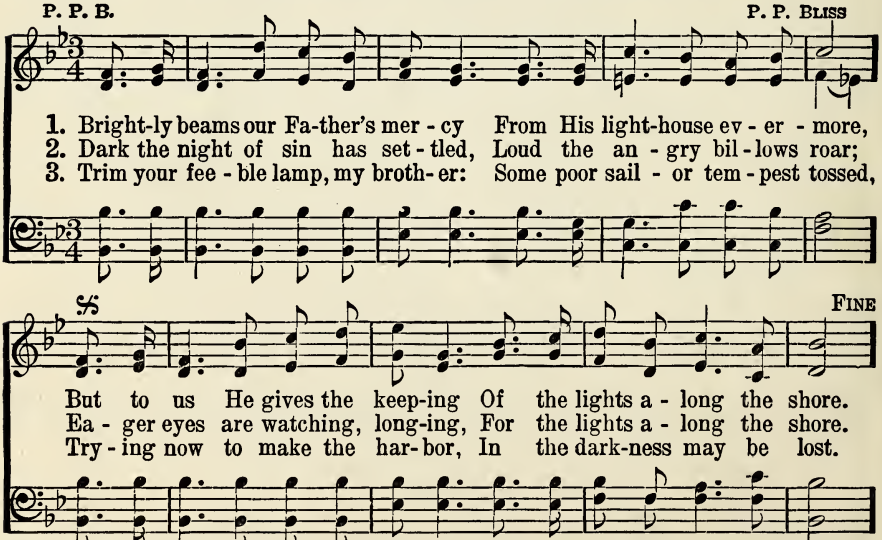
39 In the Cross of Christ

Sir John Bowring — Ithamar Conkey


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

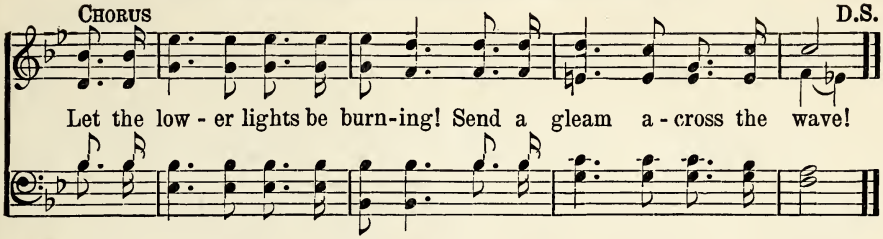
40 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. B. — P. P. Bliss


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth- er: Some poor sail - or tem - pest tossed,
Fine
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har- bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

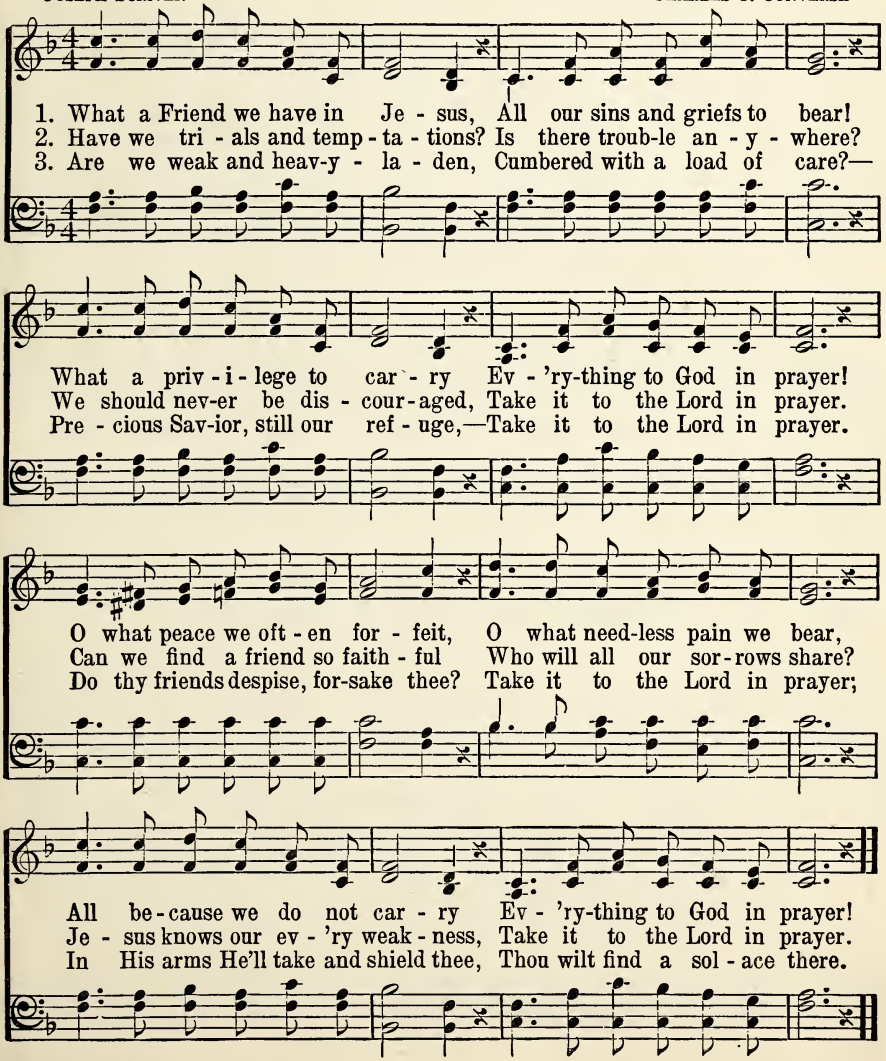
D.S.—*Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.*

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning



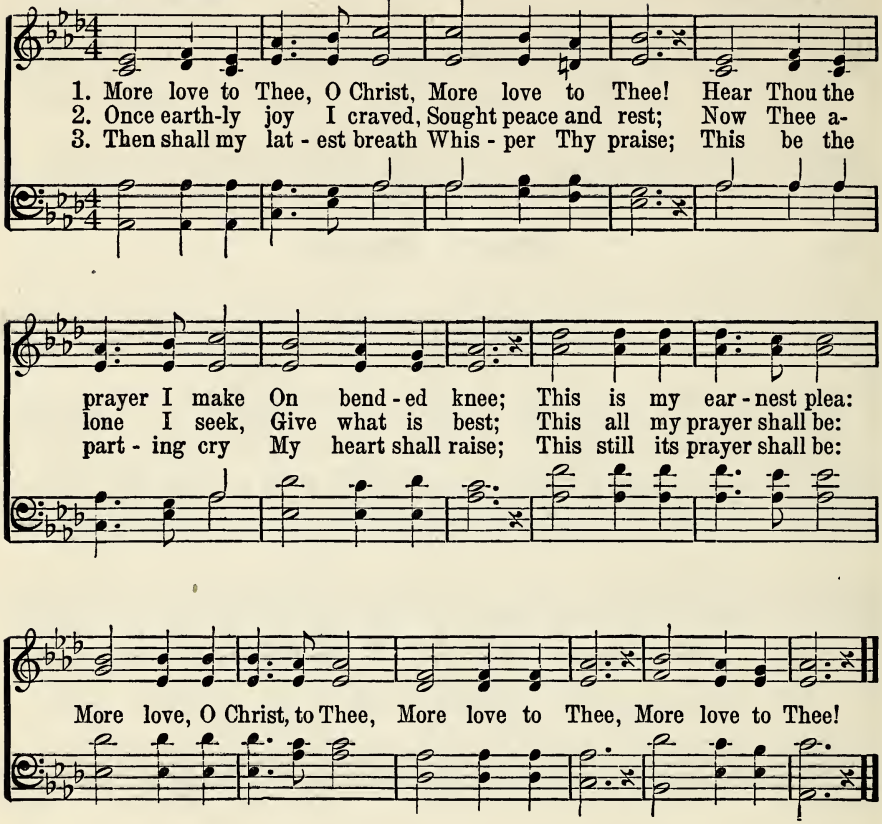
41 What a Friend

JOSEPH SCRIVEN — CHARLES C. CONVERSE


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

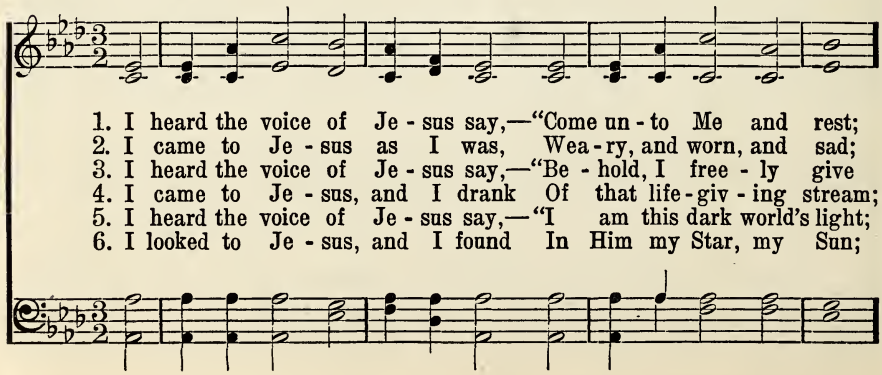
42 More Love to Thee

ELIZABETH PRENTISS — W. H. DOANE

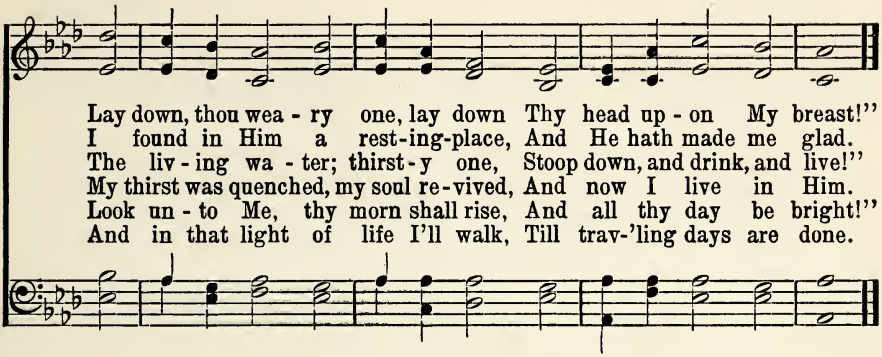

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

43 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

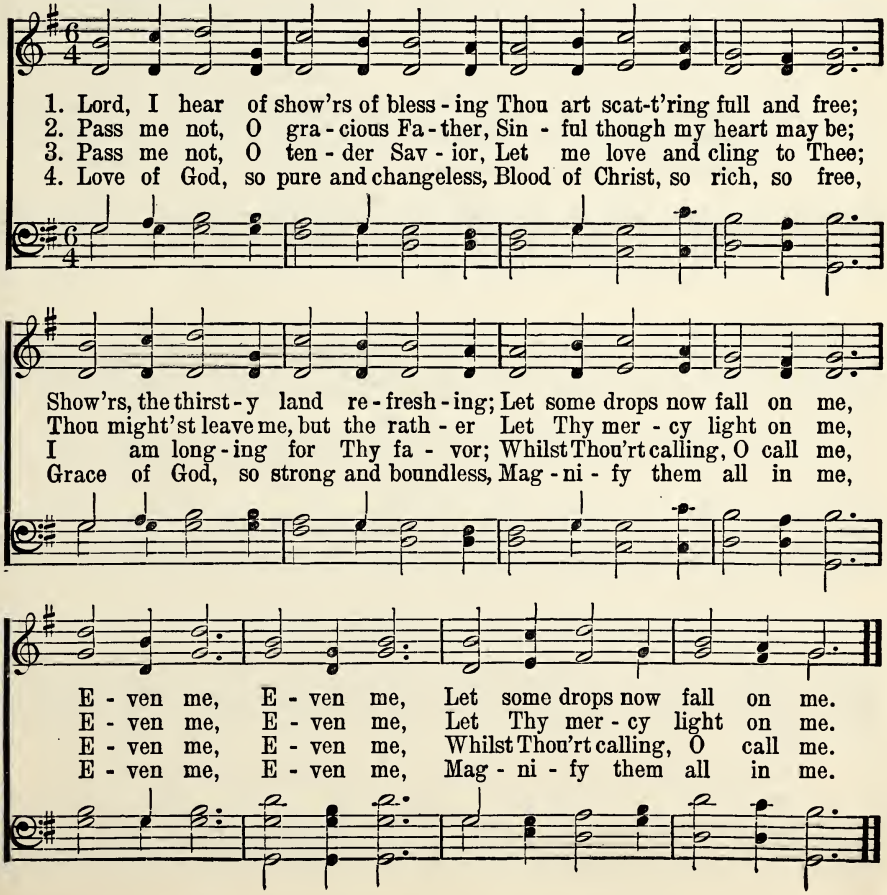
HORATIUS BONAR — WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light;
6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

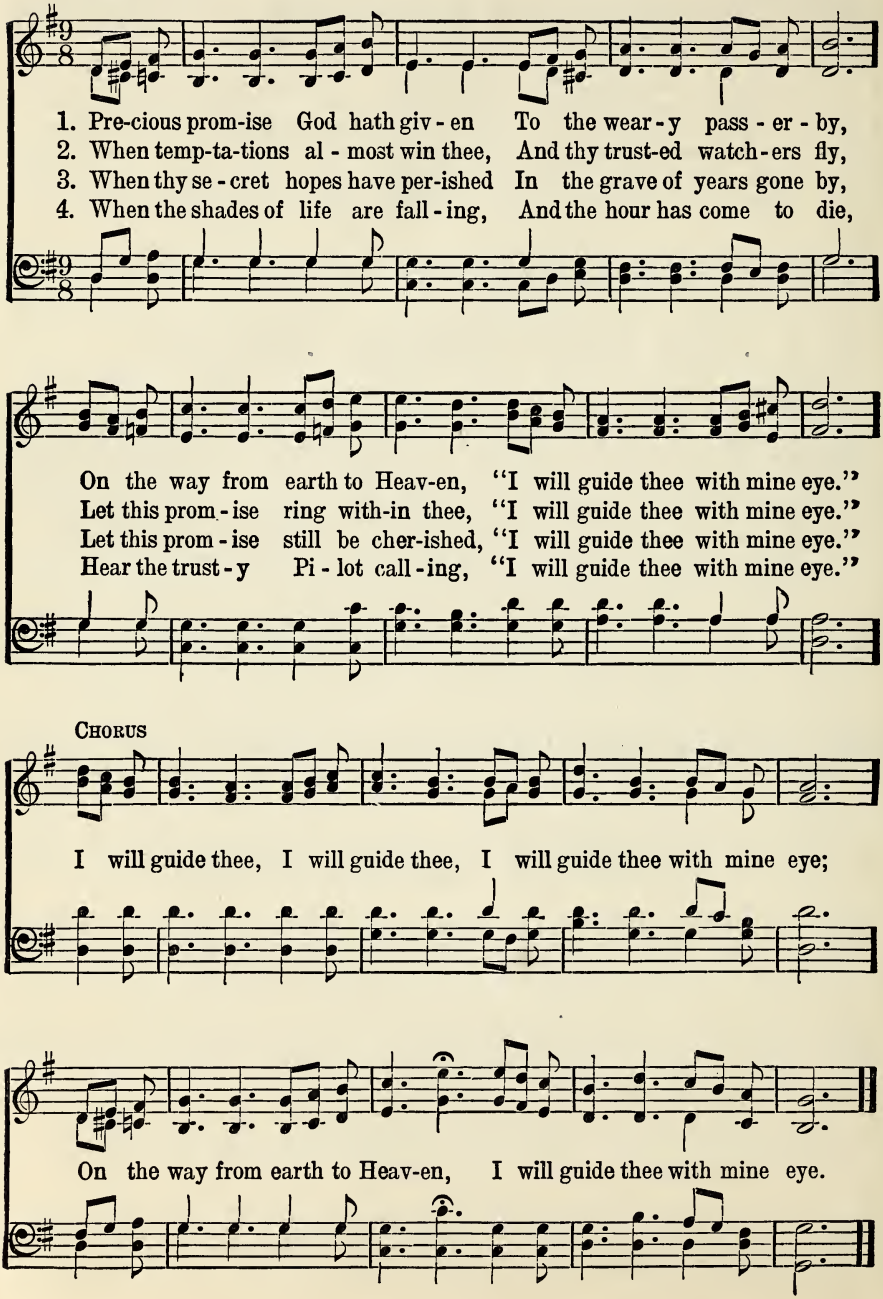
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say


Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast!"
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He hath made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav-'ling days are done.

44 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing

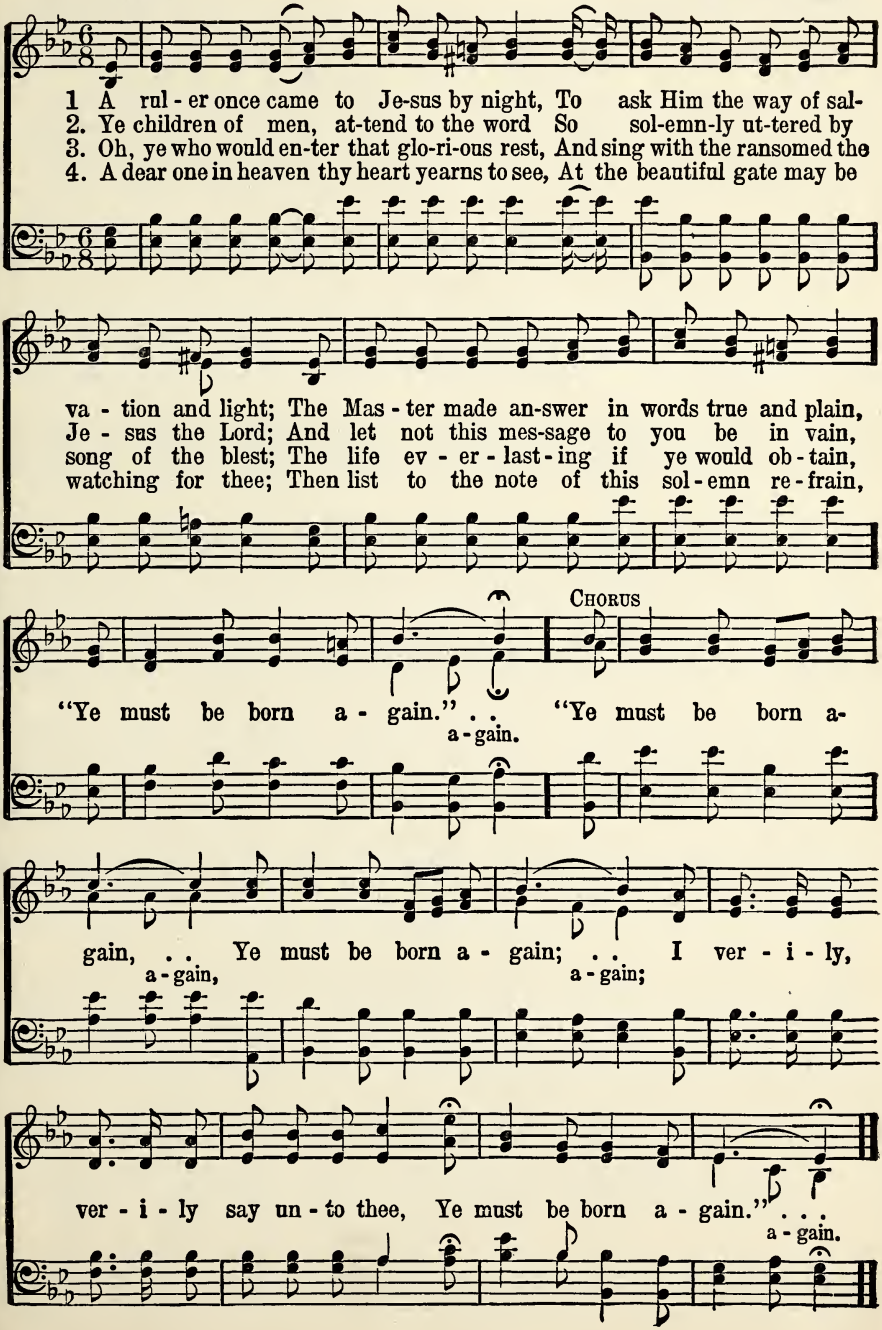
ELIZABETH CODNER — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - ior, Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me,
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag - ni - fy them all in me,
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

Precious Promise

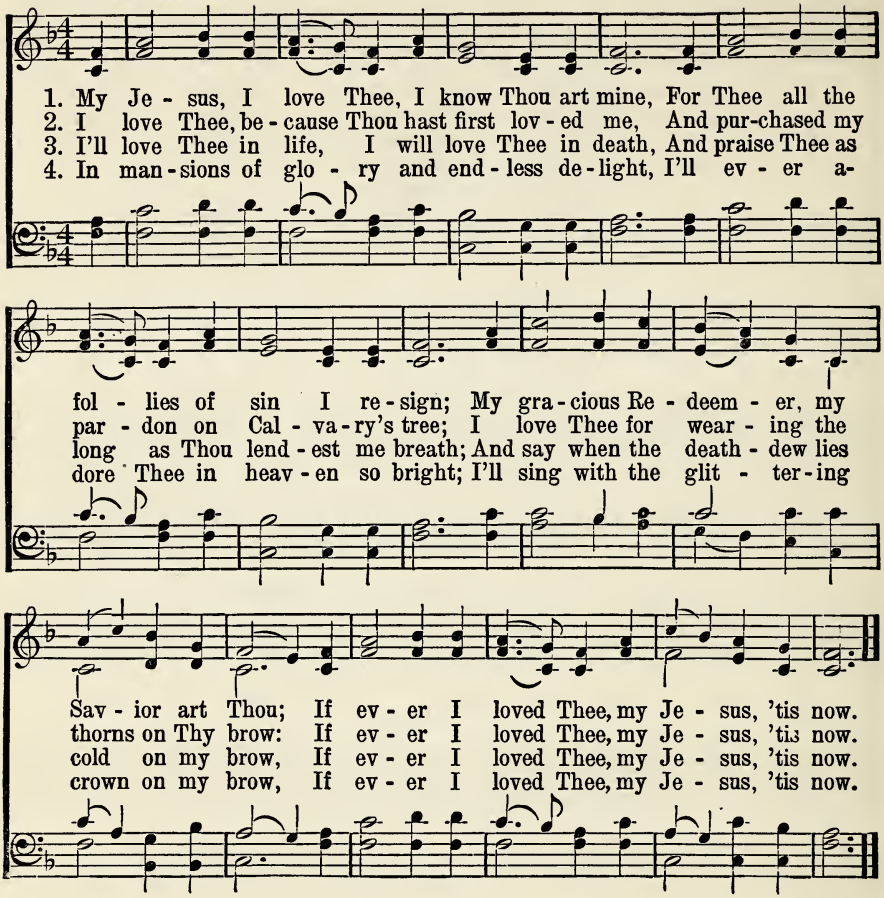
NATHANIEL NILES P. P. BLISS

1. Pre-cious prom-ise God hath giv-en To the wear-y pass-er-by,
2. When temp-ta-tions al-most win thee, And thy trust-ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se-cret hopes have per-ished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall-ing, And the hour has come to die,
On the way from earth to Heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Hear the trust-y Pi-lot call-ing, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
CHORUS
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to Heav-en, I will guide thee with mine eye.

Ye Must Be Born Again

W. T. SLEEPER — GEO. C. STEBBINS

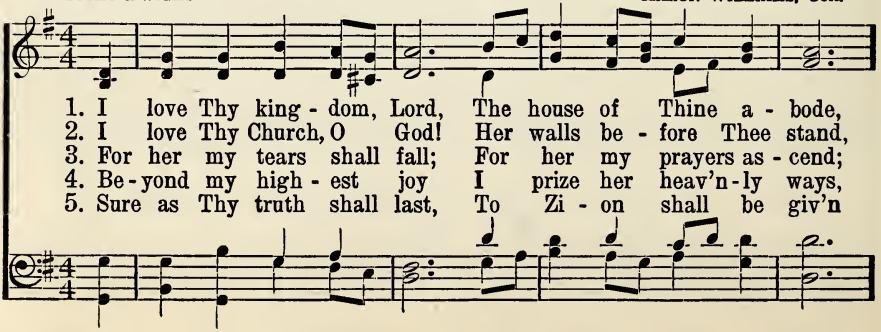

1 A rul - er once came to Je-sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal-
2. Ye children of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered by
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed the
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beautiful gate may be
va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
Je - sus the Lord; And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if ye would ob - tain,
watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain,
CHORUS
"Ye must be born a - gain." . . "Ye must be born a-
a - gain.
gain, . . Ye must be born a - gain; . . I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a - gain;
ver - i - ly say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain." . . .
a - gain.

47 My Jesus, I Love Thee

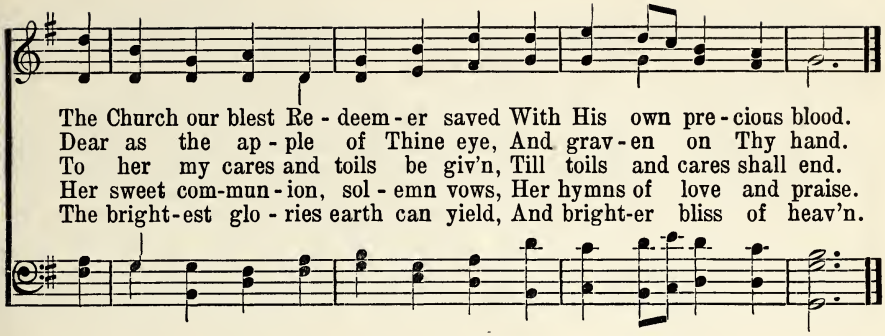
W. R. Featherstone — A. J. Gordon

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

48 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

Timothy Dwight — Aaron Williams, Coll.

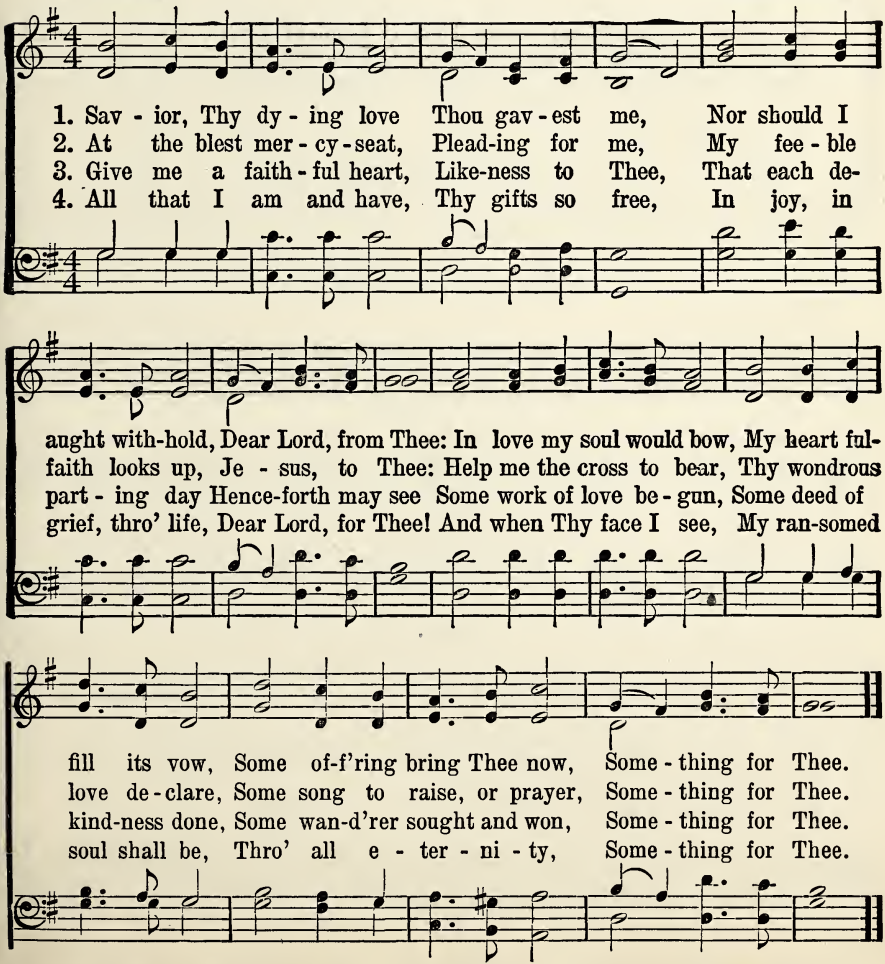

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

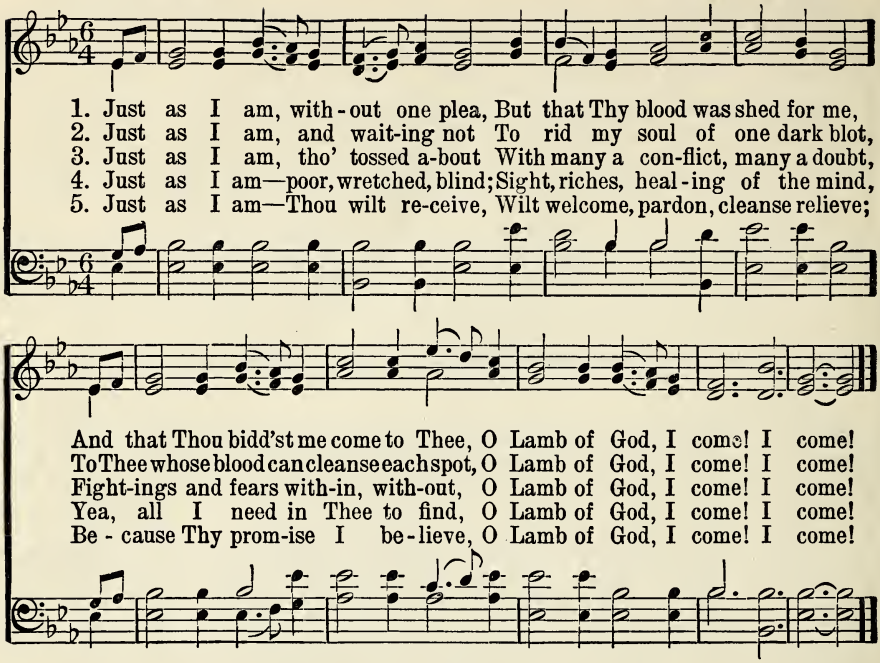

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

49 Something for Jesus

S. D. PHELPS ROBERT LOWRY

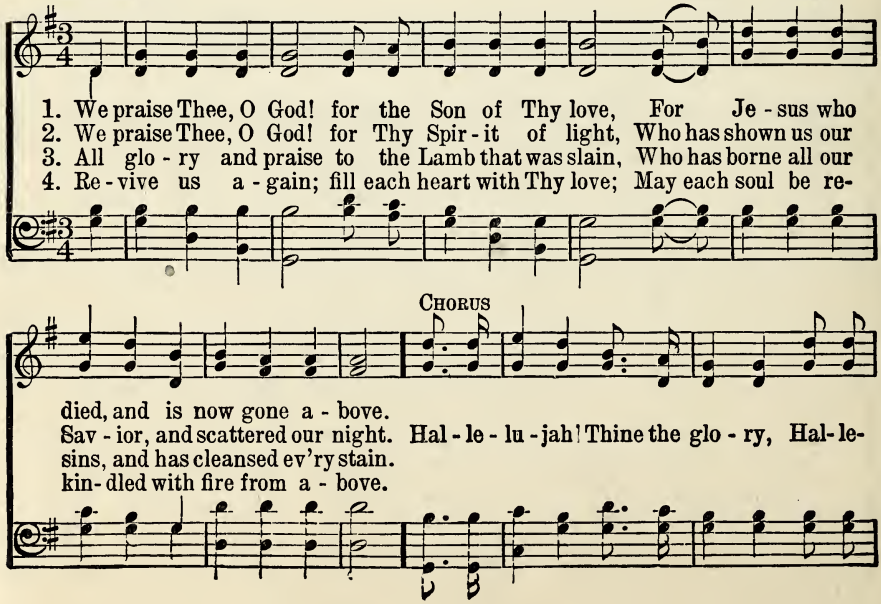

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like-ness to Thee, That each de-
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran-somed
fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Some - thing for Thee.
kind-ness done, Some wan-d'rer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

50 Just As I Am

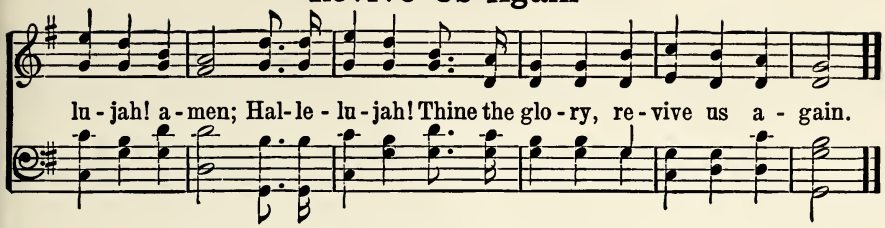
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse relieve;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

51 Revive Us Again

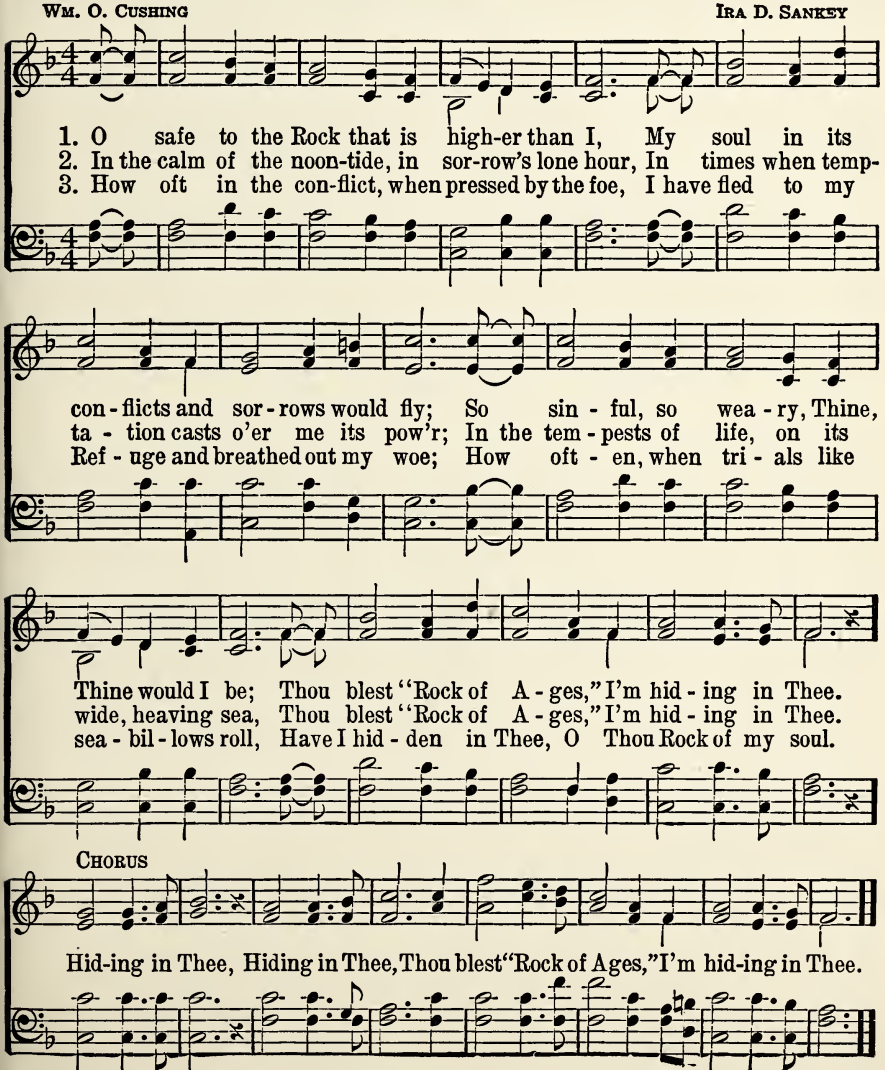
WM. P. MACKAY — JOHN J. HUSBAND


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS
died, and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-ior, and scattered our night. Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a-bove.

Revive Us Again

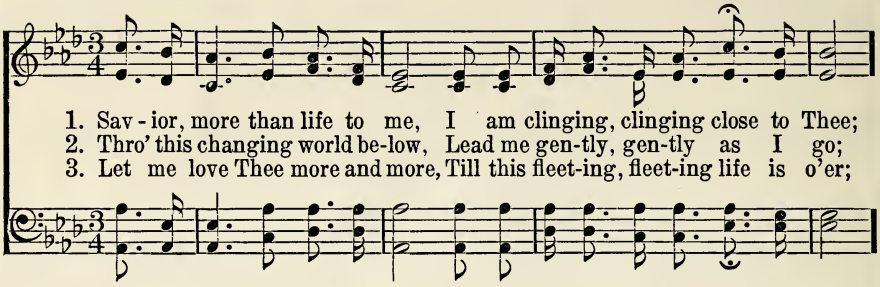
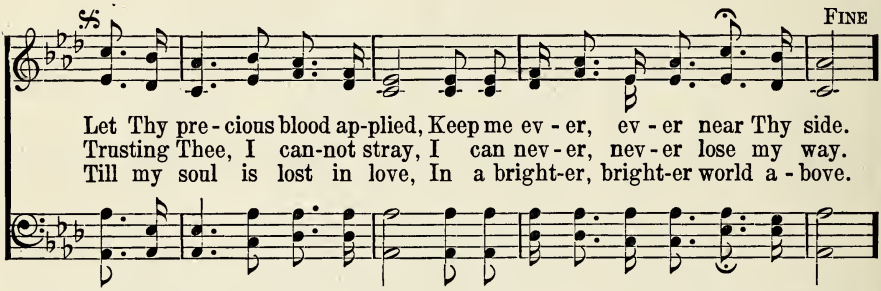


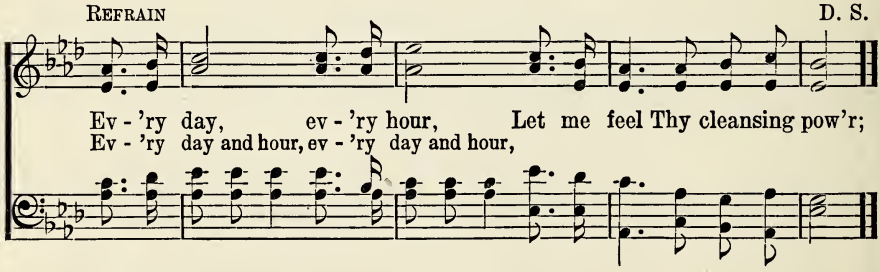
52 Hiding in Thee

WM. O. CUSHING IRA D. SANKEY

1. O safe to the Rock that is high-er than I, My soul in its
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor-row's lone hour, In times when temp-
3. How oft in the con-flict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my
con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,
ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its
Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en, when tri - als like
Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.
CHORUS
Hid-ing in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid-ing in Thee.

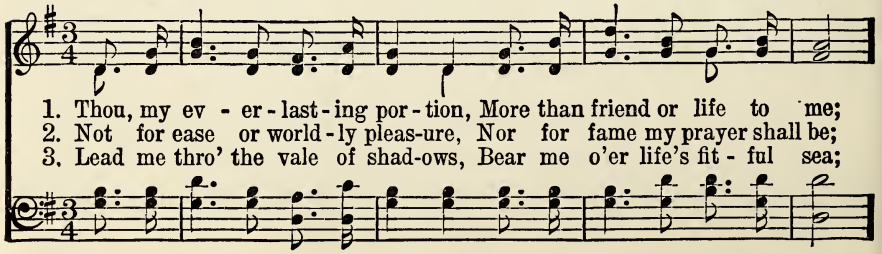
53 Savior, More Than Life

FANNY J. CROSBY — W. H. DOANE

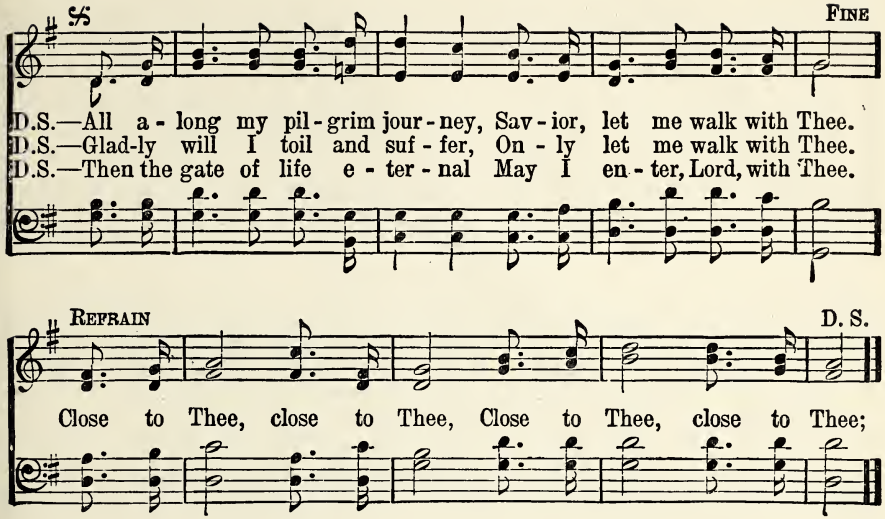

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

FINE
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a - bove.

D.S.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.*

54 Close to Thee

FANNY J. CROSBY — SILAS J. VAIL


1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

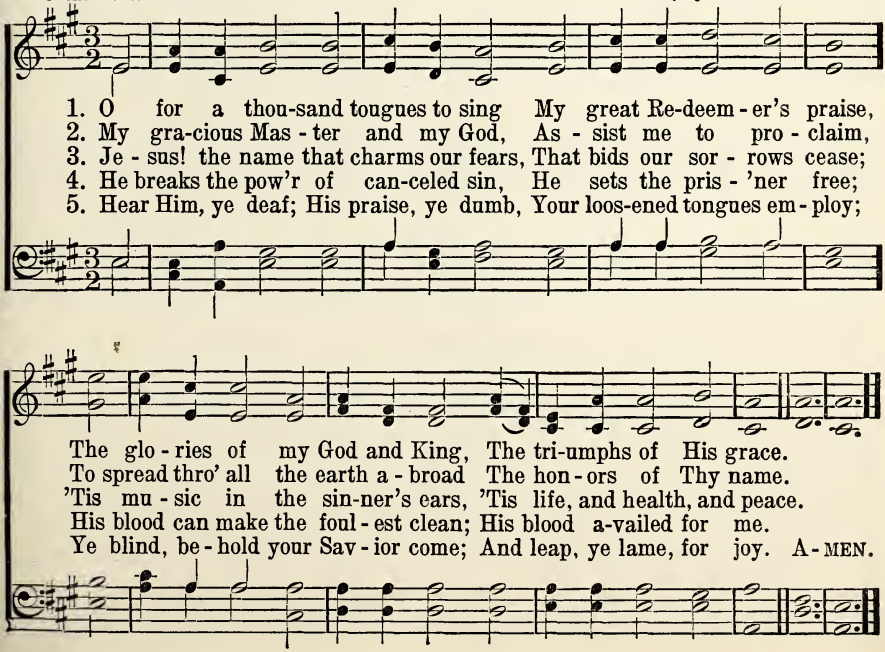
Close to Thee


FINE
D.S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN
D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

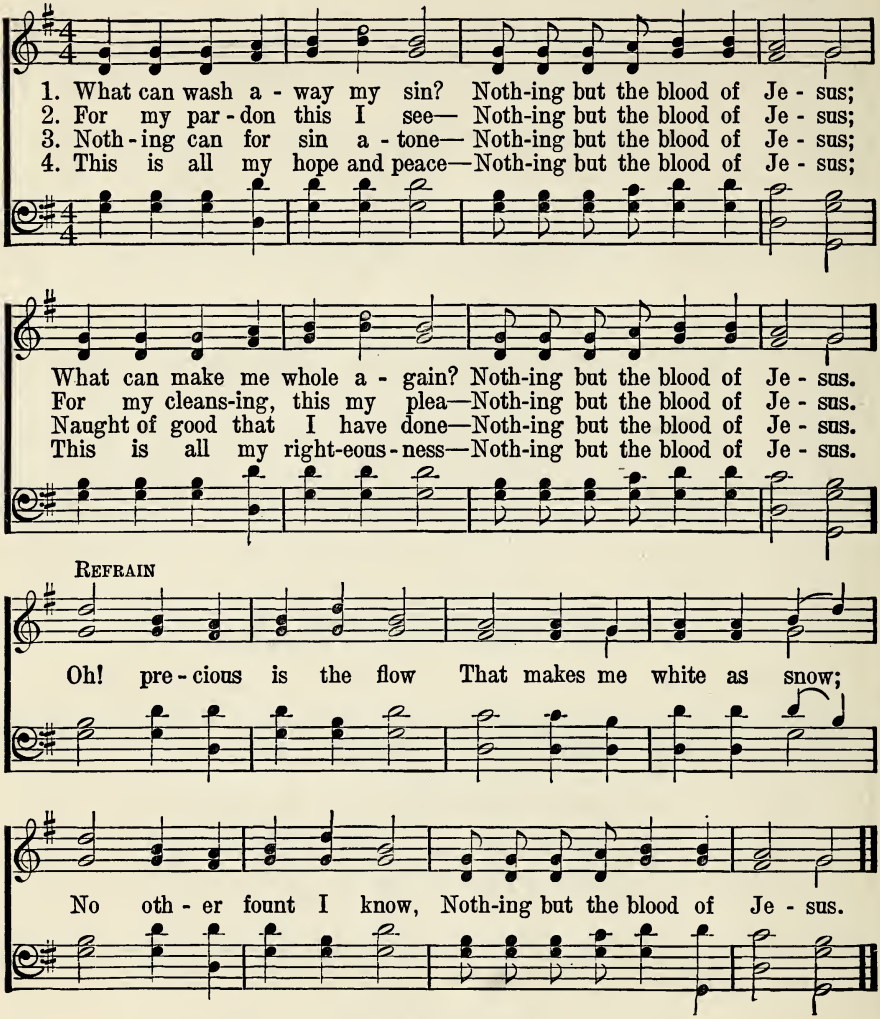
55 O for a Thousand Tongues

CHARLES WESLEY

CARL G. GLASER
Arr. by LOWELL MASON

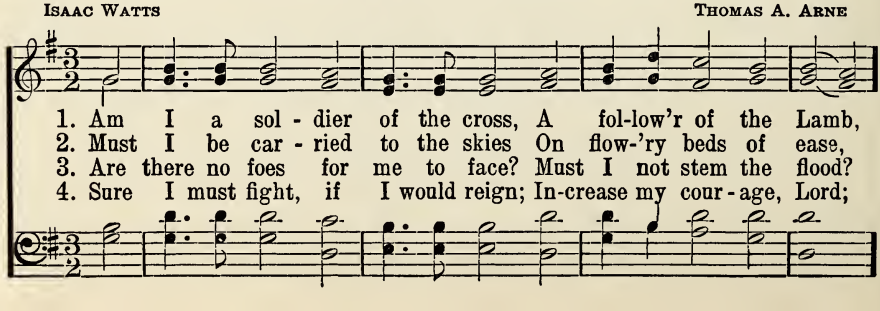

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loos-ened tongues em - ploy;
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A - MEN.

56 Nothing But the Blood

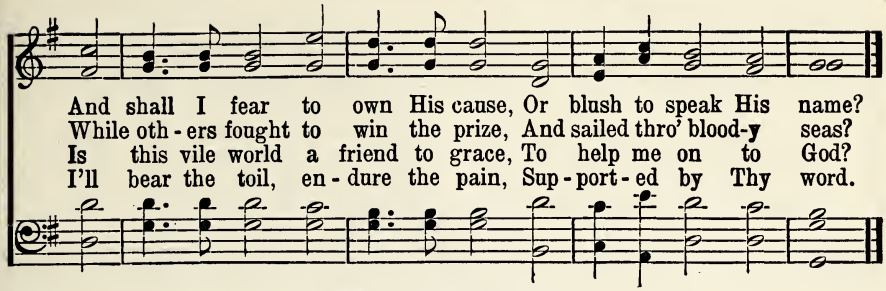
R. L. ROBERT LOWRY

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous - ness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
REFRAIN
Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

57 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS THOMAS A. ARNE

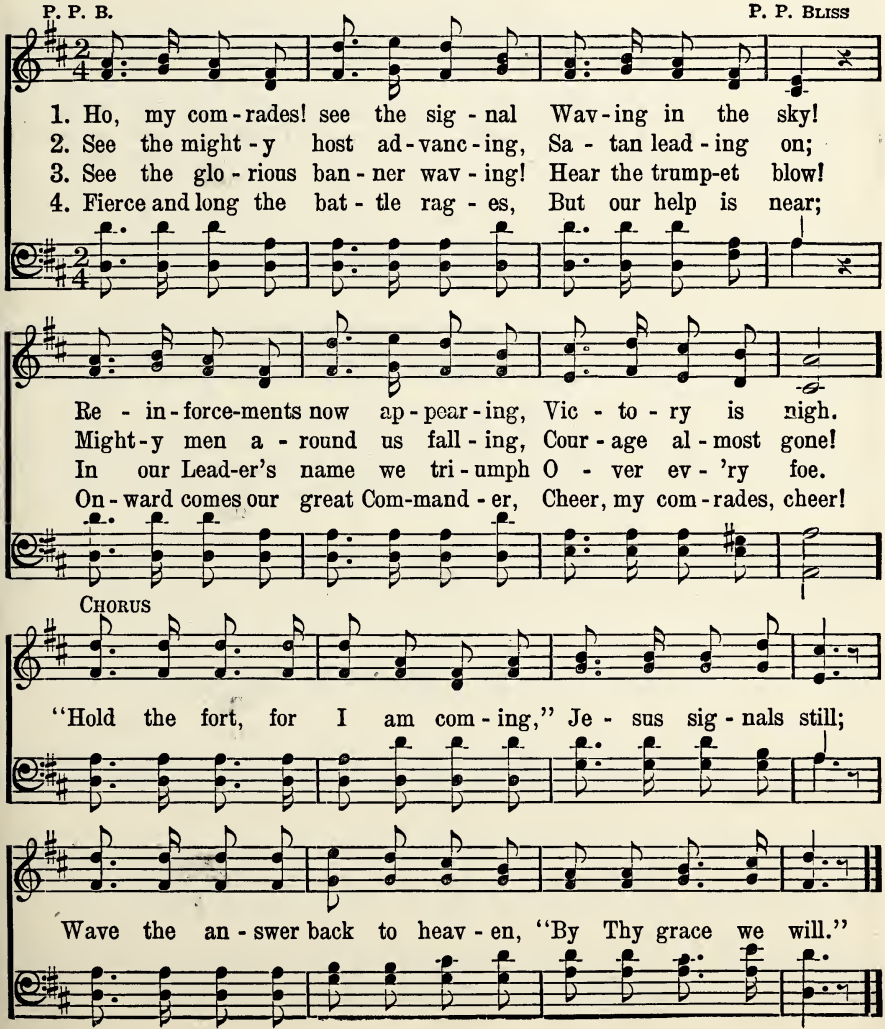

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord;

Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

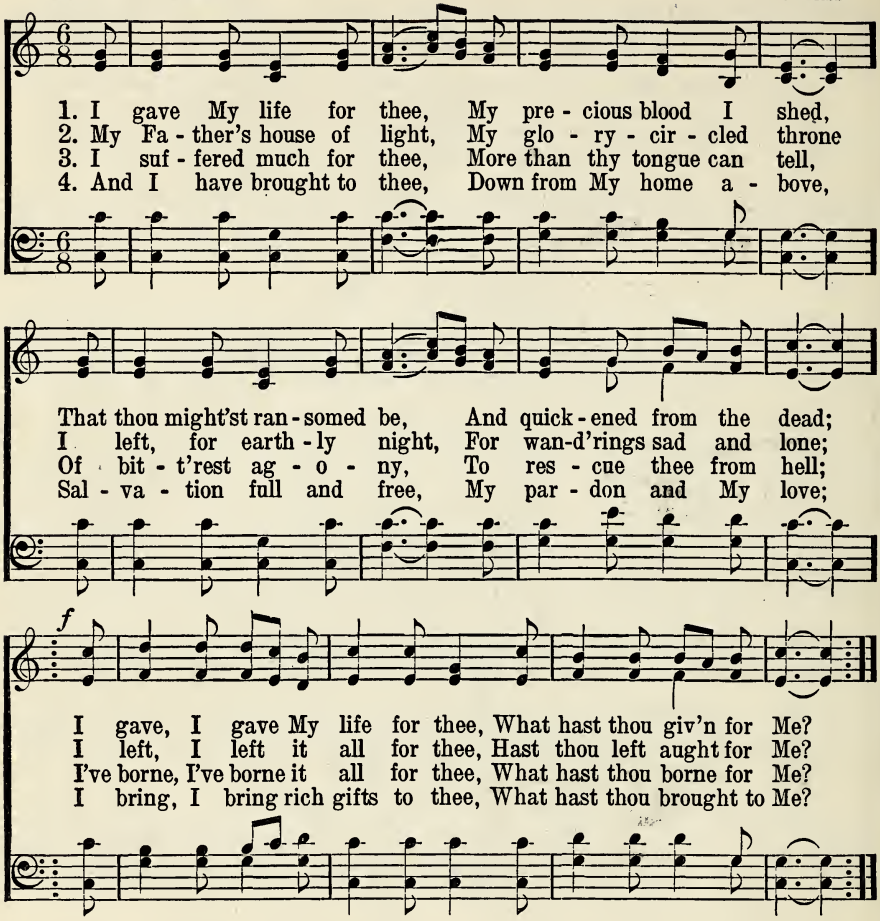

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

58 Hold the Fort

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

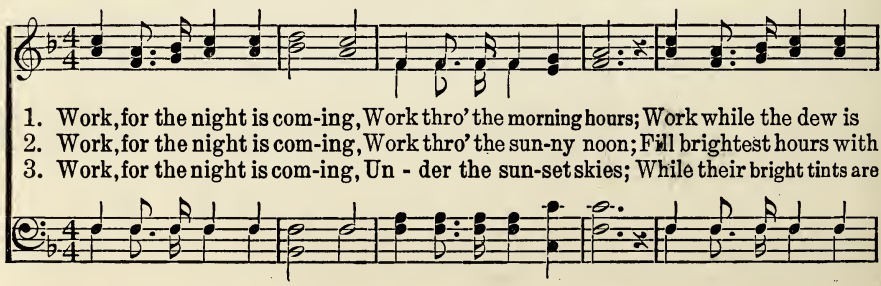

1. Ho, my com-rades! see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky!
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on;
3. See the glo-rious ban-ner wav-ing! Hear the trump-et blow!
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near;
Re-in-force-ments now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
Might-y men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone!
In our Lead-er's name we tri-umph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
On-ward comes our great Com-mand-er, Cheer, my com-rades, cheer!
Chorus
"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing," Je-sus sig-nals still;
Wave the an-swer back to heav-en, "By Thy grace we will."

59 I Gave My Life for Thee

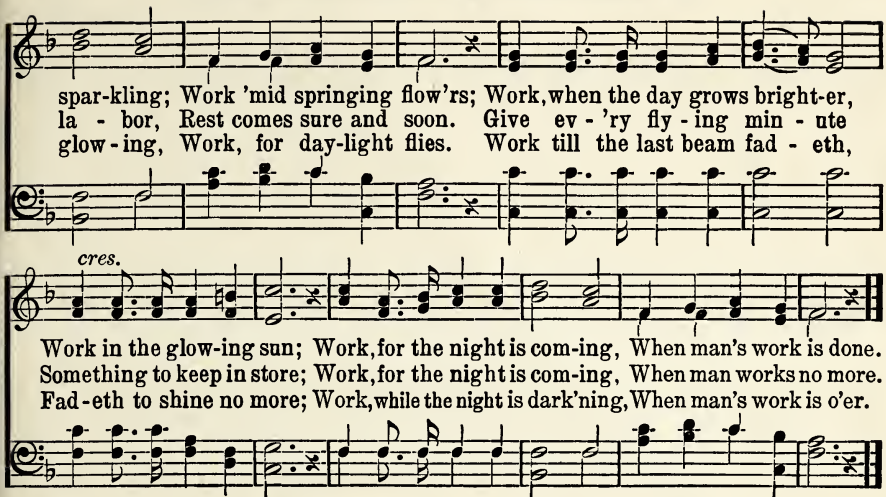
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — P. P. BLISS

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,
That thou might'st ran - somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;
f
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

60 Work, for the Night Is Coming

ANN. L. WALKER — LOWELL MASON

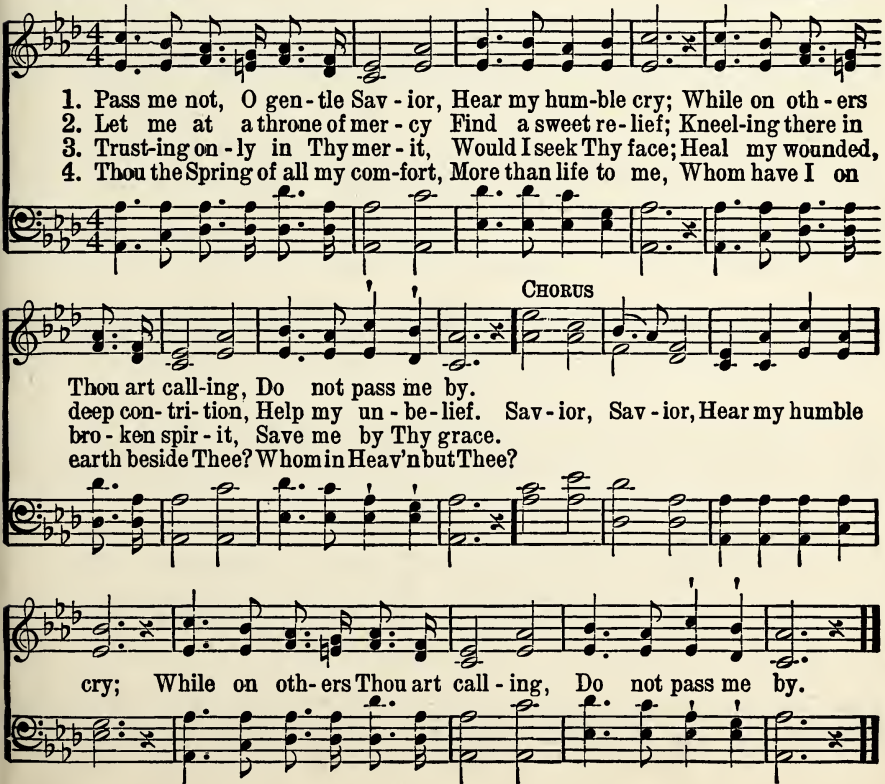

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un - der the sun-set skies; While their bright tints are

Work, for the Night Is Coming


spar-kling; Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work, when the day grows bright-er,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute
glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth,
cres.
Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work, while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

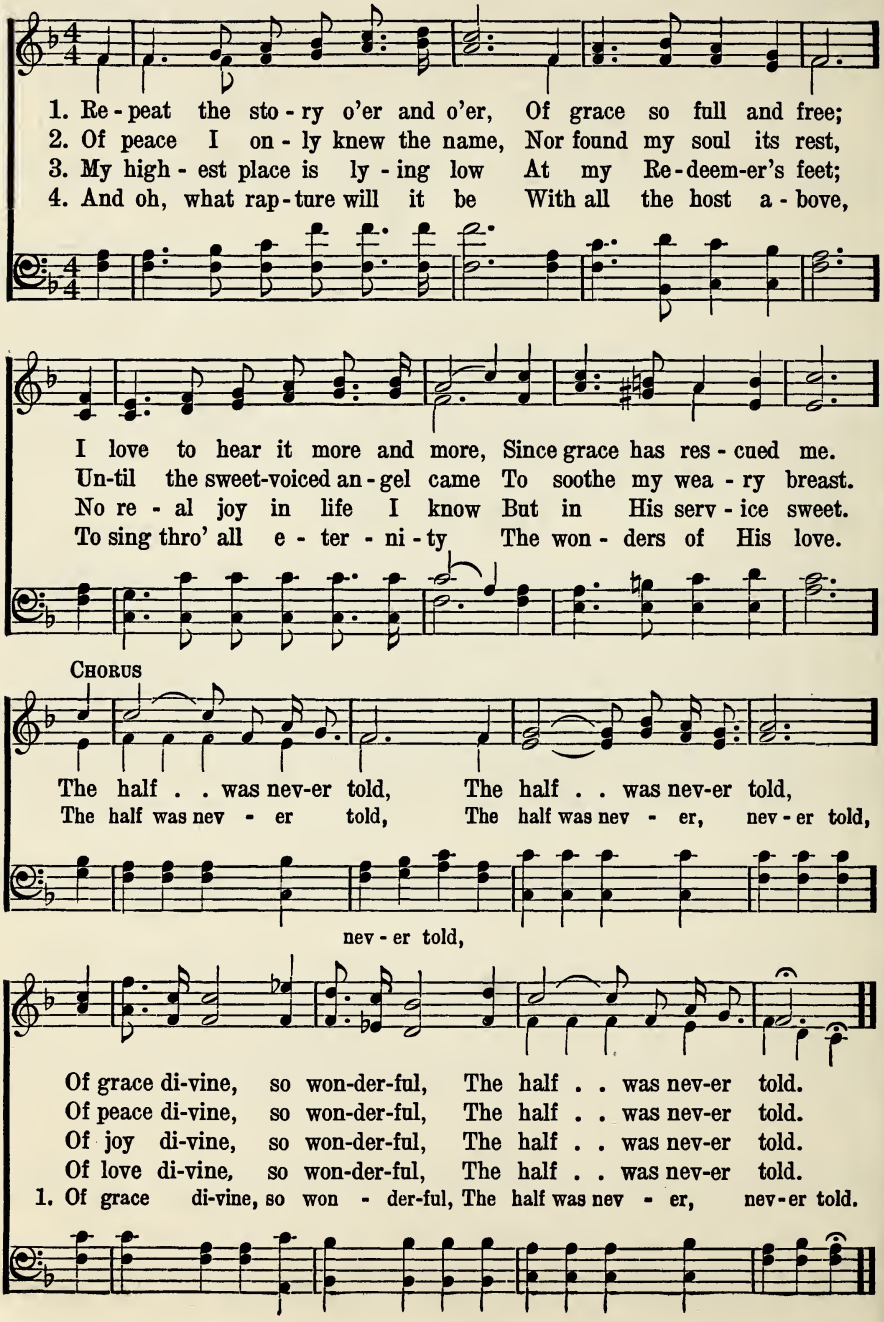
61 Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
CHORUS
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my humble
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

The Half Was Never Told

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss


1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re - deem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rap - ture will it be With all the host a - bove,
I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.
Un-til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
No re - al joy in life I know But in His serv - ice sweet.
To sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His love.
Chorus
The half . . was nev-er told, The half . . was nev-er told,
The half was nev - er told, The half was nev - er, nev - er told,
nev - er told,
Of grace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half . . was nev-er told.
Of peace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half . . was nev-er told.
Of joy di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half . . was nev-er told.
Of love di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half . . was nev-er told.
1. Of grace di-vine, so won - der-ful, The half was nev - er, nev-er told.

Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His

love in the Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e-

Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."

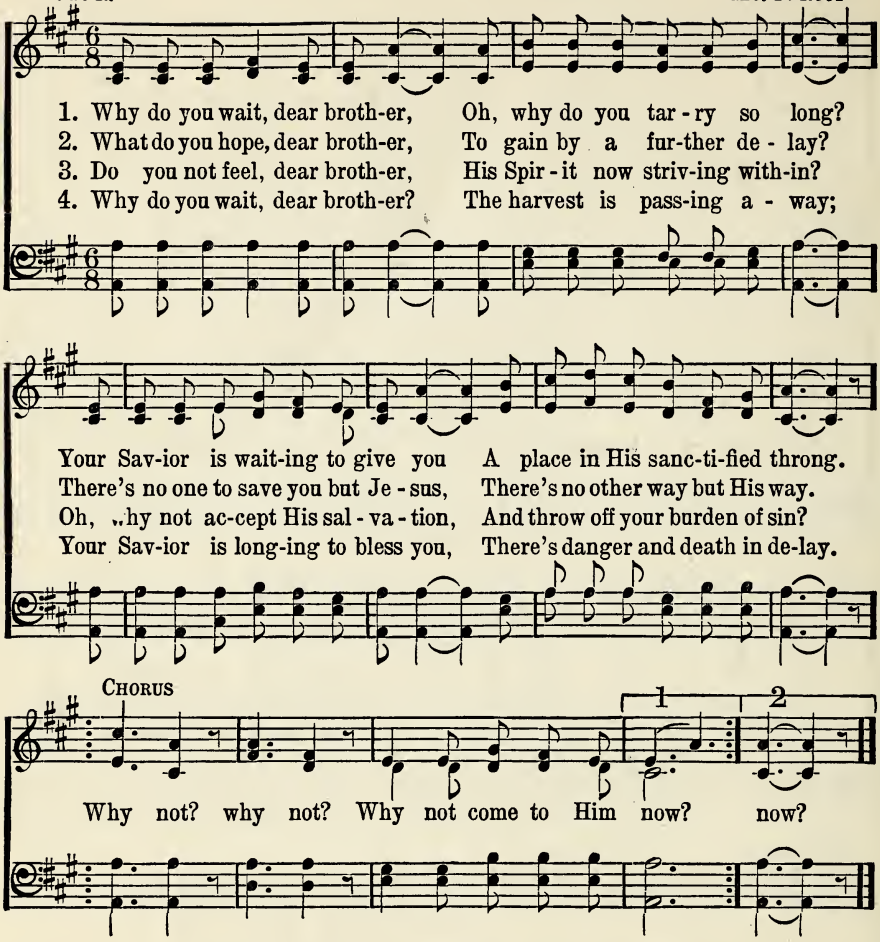
Chorus

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

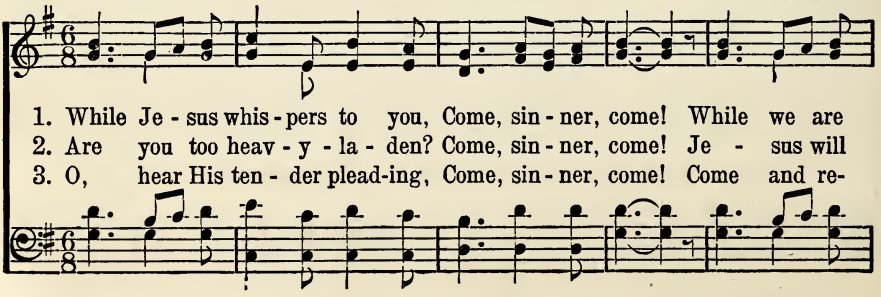
64 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT

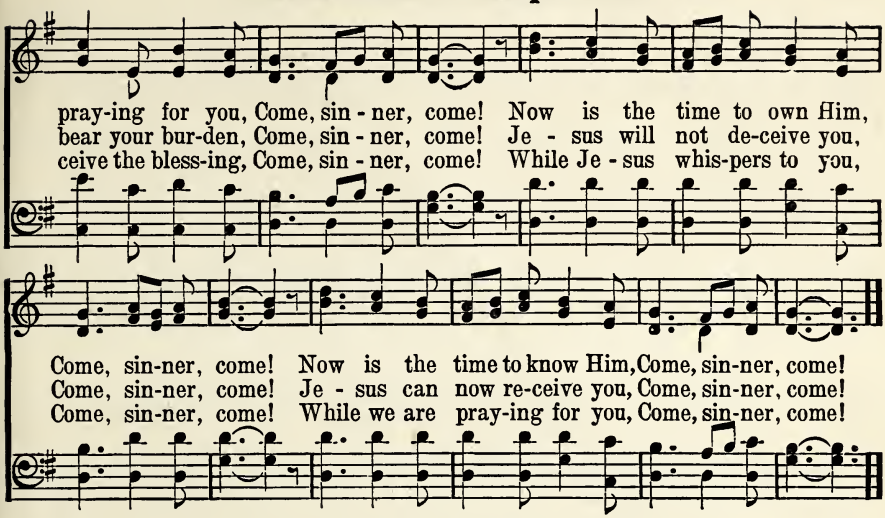

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The harvest is pass-ing a-way;
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your burden of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.
CHORUS
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

65 While Jesus Whispers to You

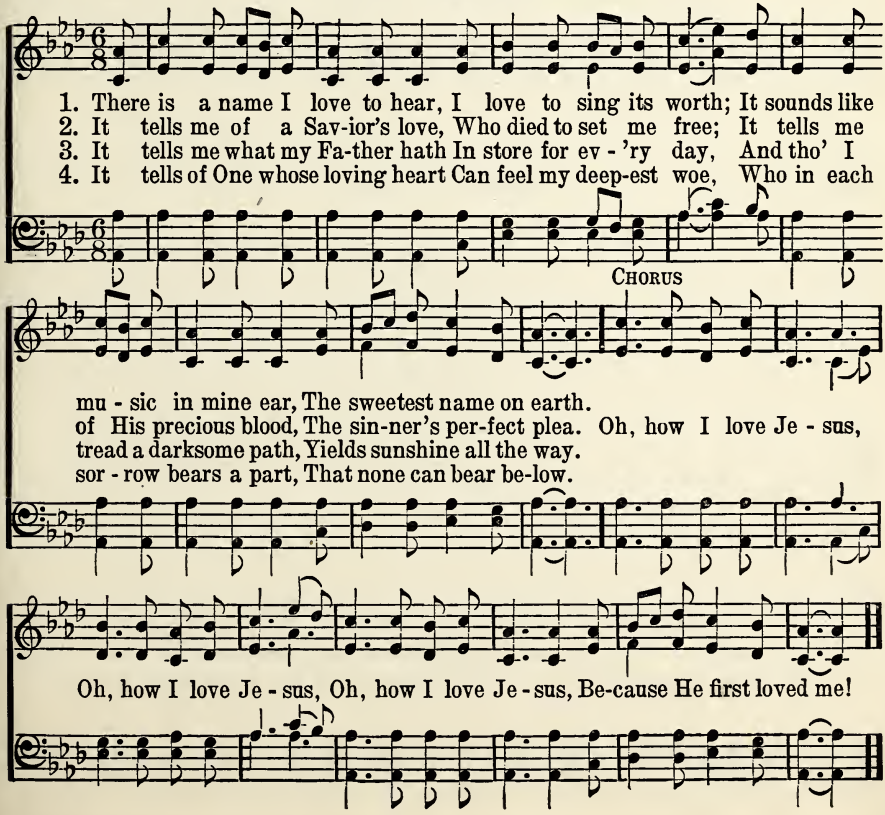
W. E. WITTER H. R. PALMER


1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will
3. O, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

While Jesus Whispers to You


pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

66 Oh, How I Love Jesus


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each
CHORUS
mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved me!

67 Hallelujah, What a Savior!

P. P. Bliss — P. P. Bliss

Moderato *p* *mf*

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we: Spot-less Lamb of God was He:
4. "Lift-ed up" was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

f *ff*

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Sealed my par-don with His blood: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

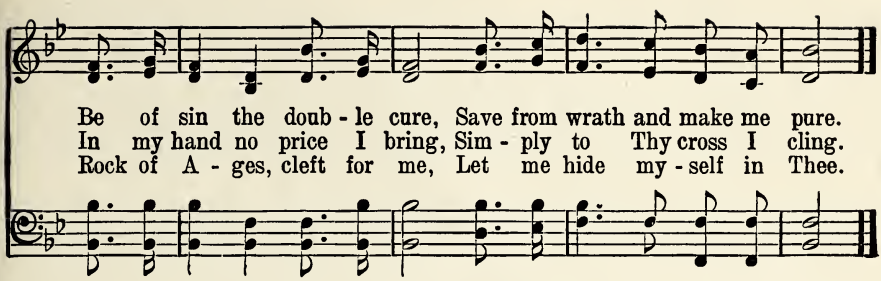
68 Rock of Ages

Augustus M. Toplady — Thomas Hastings

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

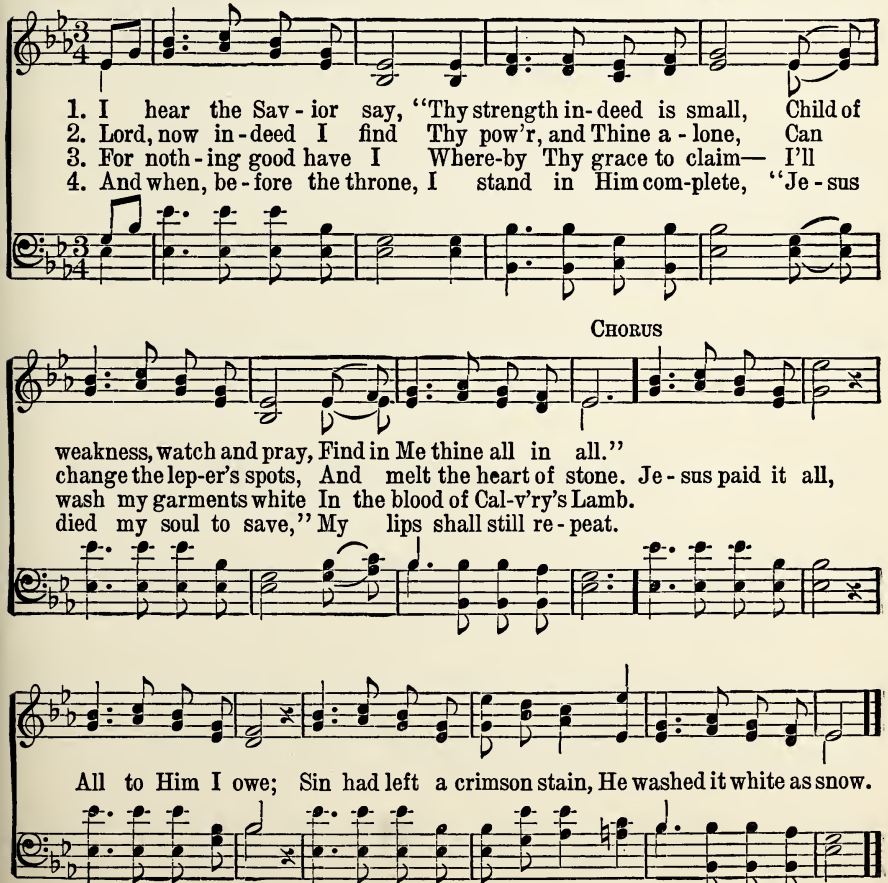
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

Rock of Ages

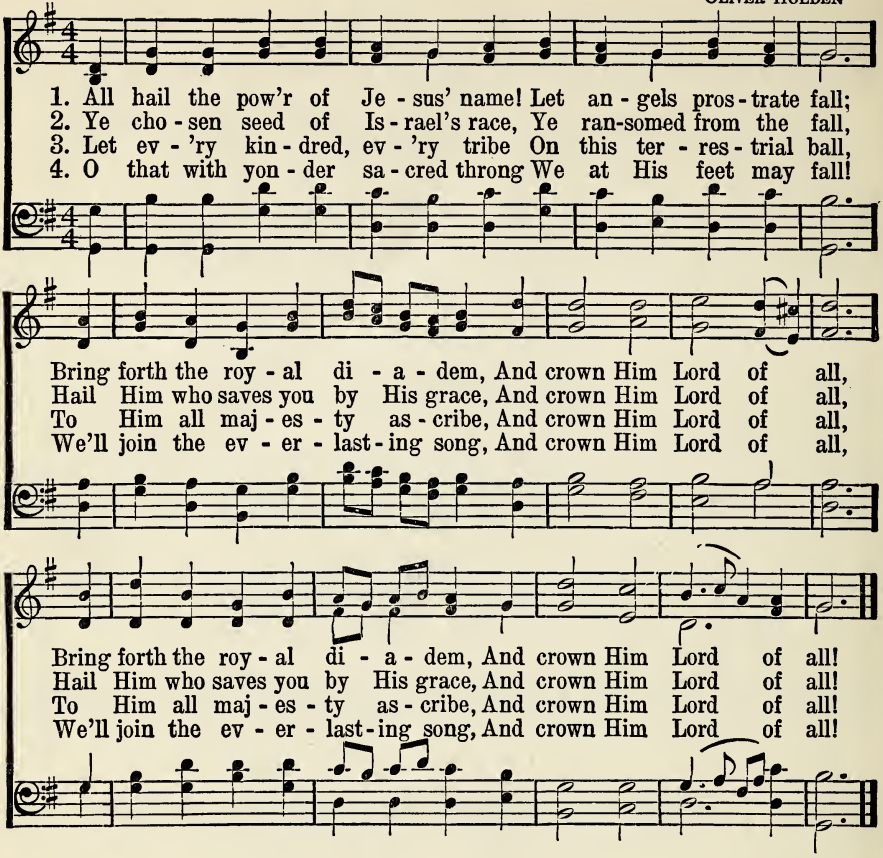

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

69 Jesus Paid It All

Mrs. H. M. HALL — JOHN T. GRAPE

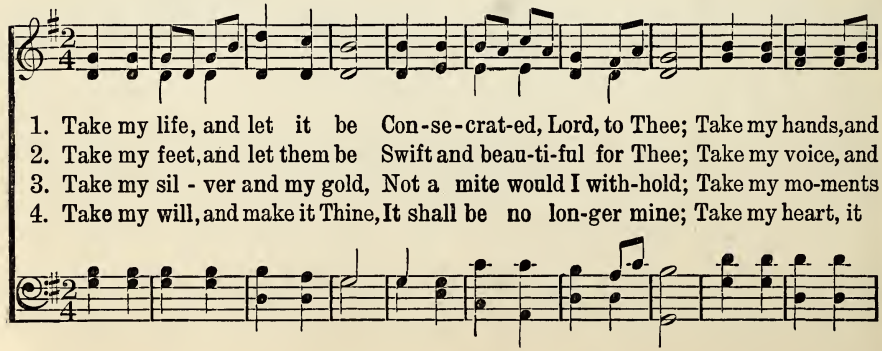

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete, "Je - sus
CHORUS
weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
wash my garments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

70 All Hail the Power

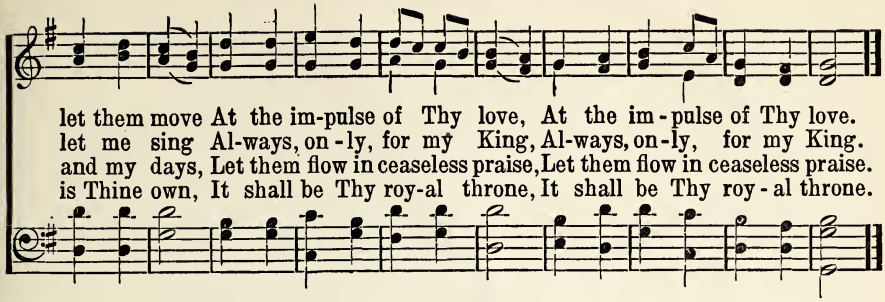
OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

71 Take My Life, and Let It Be

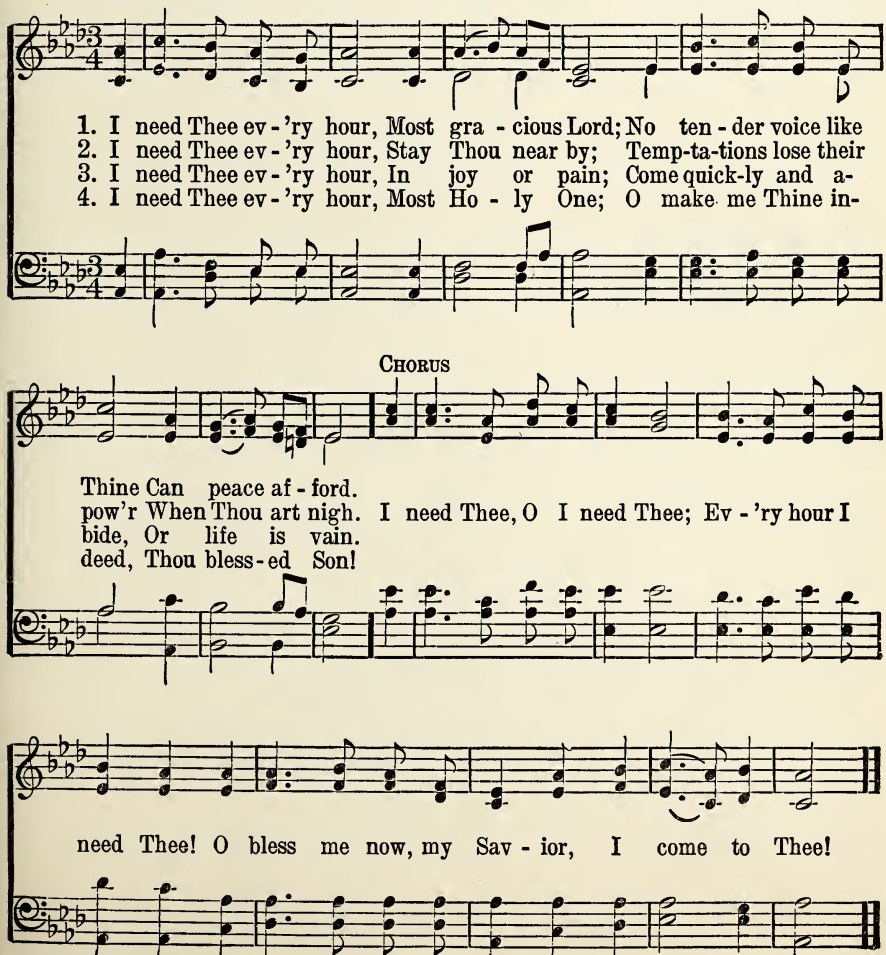
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL C. H. A. MALAN


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold; Take my mo-ments
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine; Take my heart, it

Take My Life, and Let It Be


let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

72 I Need Thee Every Hour

ANNIE S. HAWKS — Rev. ROBERT LOWRY

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-
CHORUS
Thine Can peace af-ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to Thee!

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AFTER FIFTY YEARS

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound"—Lev. 25:9

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Riches of grace bestowed may she never squander,
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